

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT AND THE WITNESS BATES¹

IT is perhaps to be regretted that the late editor of THE MONTH, Father John Gerard, when he published some 30 years ago his book upon the Gunpowder Plot,² adopted a line of argument which made the exculpation of the accused Jesuits depend in large measure upon the supposition of considerable Government forgeries. No doubt he was fully justified in his contention that the statesmen of that day did not stick at the garbling and suppression of evidence or even at its fabrication. But the difficulty which arises in this case is that if forgery were employed it was not used more effectively. No serious student pretends that a clear case was made out against the incriminated priests, and it was undoubtedly the complicity of the priests which the Government were above all anxious to demonstrate. In answer to Father Gerard, the late Dr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner, the highest authority on 17th century English history, brought out a volume defending the traditional account of the plot. Though it may be too much to say that he shattered Father Gerard's whole case, for a certain mystery will always surround the part played by Cecil and the degree of knowledge he possessed of what was on foot, still the critics who reviewed the controversy pronounced very decidedly in Dr. Gardiner's favour. There can be no question that the doubts cast by our late editor upon the story of the mine were quite unfounded. This is conspicuously shown by the fact that, as we shall have occasion to see, by far the fullest details regarding the mine are furnished by Father Greenway, who had heard them either at first or second hand from the

¹ The importance of the witness Thomas Bates in the history of the Gunpowder Plot has been to a large extent lost sight of, owing no doubt to his menial position. But it is certain that it was he who, by mentioning Father Greenway when under examination on December 4, 1605, first gave the Government hope of implicating the priests, and it is equally certain that his second deposition on January 13, 1606, in which Greenway and Garnet were named as consorting with, and rendering service to, some of the leading conspirators, led two days later to the issue of the proclamation denouncing the Jesuits concerned and promising rewards for their apprehension.

² "What was the Gunpowder Plot? The traditional story tested by original evidence." By John Gerard, S.J. London: Osgood. 1897.

conspirators themselves. It may also be mentioned incidentally that one circumstance recorded by Greenway stands in flat contradiction to the topographical theories which Father Gerard occupies so much space in elaborating.¹

Now it is precisely in connection with Father Greenway (his true name seems to have been Tesimond, but the other is more generally used by writers on the subject) that the question of the complicity of the Jesuits primarily arises. Both Jardine and Gardiner call attention to the fact that the priests were first implicated by the deposition of Thomas Bates, Catesby's servant, who was examined, probably under torture or threat of torture, on December 4, 1605. True, Guy Fawkes on November 9th had stated that Father John Gerard—I mean of course the elder John Gerard who was a missionary in England at the beginning of the 17th century—said Mass and gave Communion to the conspirators on the occasion when they first bound themselves to their nefarious purpose by an oath of secrecy. But Fawkes expressly added that the said Father "knew not their purpose," a qualification which Sir Edward Coke shamelessly suppressed when he quoted this evidence in Court. In fact, Dr. Gardiner himself states: "My own opinion is that Gerard was innocent of any knowledge of the plot."² Moreover we possess the copy of a letter which was written on December 4th by Cecil, then Earl of Salisbury and virtual Prime Minister, to one Favat who was to communicate its contents to the King. "Most of the prisoners," writes Cecil, "have wilfully forsworn that the priests knew anything in particular and obstinately refuse to be accusers of them, yea, what torture soever they be put to."

At the same time it is plain that something had just then happened which gave Cecil hopes of being able to implicate the Jesuits as fully as the King could desire, for he goes on:

You may tell His Majesty that if he please to read privately what this day we have drawn from a voluntary and penitent examination, the point, I am persuaded (but I am no undertaker), shall be so well cleared, if he forbear to speak much of this but a few days, as we

¹ Greenway in his MS. narrative distinctly states that the further they dug in the mine the nearer they got to the river. ("Quanto piu inanti cavavano tanto piu si avvicinavano al fiume.") This would imply that the mine was to the south-west and not to the north-east of the Parliament House.

² "What was the Gunpowder Plot?" p. 177.

shall see all fall out to the end whereat His Majesty shooteth.¹

We can have little doubt that the expectation of further revelations compromising the Jesuits had been suggested to Cecil's mind by the disclosures which Bates had made when under examination that very day (Dec. 4th). What was it Bates had said? We do not possess the original minute which was presumably taken down at the time and witnessed by the Lords Commissioners whose names are appended in the copy. The copy, however, which we have was apparently produced in court in the presence of the Commissioners who had assisted at the examination, and Dr. Gardiner rightly argues that to make any material alteration in a document which was witnessed by seven leading peers would have been a rather audacious proceeding even in those days of irregular justice. It may be noticed also that, as I have ascertained by an examination of the Gunpowder Plot Book at the Record Office, the copy was made by the same clerk who also made a copy of Bates' later examination on January 13th. In the second case we do possess the original minute and we find that the transcript is quite accurate. Of course this does not prove that the scribe was equally faithful in the first case, but certainly the second deposition would easily have lent itself to insertions more damaging to the Jesuits than the text as it actually stands. Assuming, then, for the nonce that the copy of the examination of December 4th is trustworthy, what do we find?

Bates begins by explaining that Catesby had sent him to hire a lodging close by the Parliament House; but perceiving in course of time that he suspected something, Winter and his master had made known to him that they were concerned in a dangerous matter connected with that edifice and induced him to take an oath of secrecy which was to be confirmed by the reception of Holy Communion. For this purpose Bates had first made his confession to Father Greenway, or to quote more exactly the terms of the deposition itself, they (*i.e.*, Catesby and Thomas Winter)

made this examine take an oath to be secret in the business, which being taken by him, they told him that

¹ The copy is in a British Museum MS. Add. 6178, fol. 98. In this citation and throughout the article I have modernized the spelling. With regard to this letter the transcriber remarks, "This minute is so much interlined that the transcriber is fearful that he hath made mistakes."

it was true that they meant to do somewhat about the Parliament House, namely, to lay powder under it to blow it up. Then they told him that he was to receive the Sacrament for the more assurance; that thereupon he confessed to Greenway, and told him he was to conceal a very dangerous piece of work that his master and Thomas Winter had imparted to him; and that he, being fearful of it, asked the counsel of Greenway, telling the said Greenway (which he was not desirous to hear) their particular intent and purpose of blowing up the Parliament House; and Greenway, the priest, thereunto said that he would take no notice thereof, but that he (Bates) should be secret in what his master had imparted to him, because that was for a good cause, and that he willed this examinee to tell no other priest of it; saying moreover, that it was not dangerous unto him, nor any offence to conceal it; and thereupon Greenway gave him absolution and he received the Sacrament in company of his master and Mr. Thomas Winter.

The late editor of *THE MONTH*, laying stress upon the fact that we only know the substance of this examination through a copy used in court, contends that the whole of this last passage was a Government interpolation and a forgery. Further he remarks that "no document ever produced was so effective for this purpose [of incriminating the priests] as the said confession, for, if it was true, there could be no question of the guilt of one Jesuit at least, Father Greenway."¹ He also states, apparently echoing an observation of Mr. Jardine's,² that "Greenway himself afterwards when beyond all danger denied on his salvation that Bates had ever on any occasion mentioned to him any word concerning the Plot." Unfortunately no reference is given either by him, or by Jardine or by Dr. Gardiner, though they are all agreed in repeating this assertion. I can only say that, in spite of long search in Greenway's own narrative and elsewhere, I can find no trace of any protestation in such terms. There is indeed one place where Greenway makes a declaration "upon his salvation" (*sopra la salute dell' anima sua*), but what he there disclaims is not that Bates had made any disclosures to him, but that he himself had ever, before the

¹ "What was the Gunpowder Plot?" p. 177.

² "Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot," p. 167.

Plot was discovered, made any mention of his consultation *with Garnet* either to his penitent (Catesby) or to any other person whatever.¹ Father Eudæmon Joannes undoubtedly says that Greenway had solemnly denied to him personally that he had received any oath of secrecy from Bates, as Coke, according to the Government account in the "True and Perfect Relation" (Sig. H. 4. v^o.) had publicly declared, but this again is quite a different thing. Eudæmon also repeats that, as it stood, Coke's statement regarding Bates in the two trials was untrue and that Greenway had sworn to its falsity.² We shall see further on what Coke's statement was. As it contains several counts, Greenway might well have repudiated it as a whole, though one or other of the clauses embodied in it was correct. Father John Gerard (the elder) writes indeed, "Neither did any priest once dream of the matter [the Plot] or so much as know of it by way of confession until the whole matter was plotted and prepared and had been without doubt put in execution if the Parliament had gone forward on the first and second days in which it was appointed."³ This passage Greenway translates in his Italian adaptation, here closely following the English text, though he must have known, as I hold, that the statement was not strictly true, for he himself had learnt from Bates in confession, before the first postponement of the coming parliamentary session, that an attempt was to be made to blow up the Parliament House. But at this stage of his narrative Greenway follows his original closely, and he may quite reasonably have thought that as he had had no permission from Bates to speak of that confession, it would be in some sense a violation of the seal, if he modified or even omitted the declaration which Gerard undoubtedly made in good faith.⁴

I must apologize for the tediousness of these details, but to me it seems important to correct the statement that Greenway "denied upon his salvation that Bates had ever on any occasion mentioned to him any word concerning the Plot."

¹ Greenway MS. (Stonyhurst), fol. 109b.

² "Hoc quantum, quantum est, merum mendacium esse Griennellus juratus affirmat." Eudæmon Joannes, p. 285.

³ John Gerard (the elder), "A Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot" (Ed. Morris, 1872), p. 8.

⁴ Greenway also says in another place (Stonyhurst MS. fol. 45) that he hopes to prove that not only was no priest an accomplice in the Plot, but that there was not one that even knew of it. He presumably meant knew of it out of confession.

No doubt what he had heard in confession was for him as if it had never been, but one does not like to think of him *volunteering*, without any necessity and in solemn form, a declaration of his complete ignorance, if he had really been made cognizant of the matter in the tribunal of penance.

Assuming, then, if only for the sake of argument, the authenticity of Bates' deposition of December 4th, what does it amount to? There can be no question how the Government wished it to be interpreted. In his speech at the trial of the lay conspirators, the Attorney General, Coke, according to the "True and Perfect Relation," spoke as follows:

Concerning Thomas Bates, who was Catesby's man, as he was wound into their treason by his master, so was he resolved [*i.e.*, had his scruples laid at rest], when he doubted of the lawfulness thereof, by the doctrine of the Jesuits. For the manner, it was after this sort. Catesby noting that his man observed him extraordinarily, as suspecting somewhat of that which he, the said Catesby, went about, called him to him at his lodging in Puddle-wharf, and in the presence of Thomas Winter, asked him what he thought the business was they went about, for that he of late had so suspiciously and strangely marked them. Bates answered that he thought they went about some dangerous matter, whatsoever the particular were. Whereupon they asked him again what he thought the business might be, and he answered he thought they intended some dangerous matter about the Parliament House, because he had been sent to get a lodging near unto that place. Then did they make Bates take an oath to be secret in the action, which being taken by him, they then told him that it was true that they were to execute a great matter, namely to lay powder under the Parliament House to blow it up. Then they also told him that he was to receive the Sacrament for the more assurance, and thereupon he went to confession to the said Tesimond [*i.e.*, Greenway] the Jesuit, and in his confession told him that he was to conceal a very dangerous piece of work that his master Catesby and Thomas Winter had imparted unto him, and said he much feared (the matter to be utterly unlawful), and therefore therein desired the counsel of the Jesuit, and

revealed unto him the whole intent and purpose of blowing up Parliament House (upon the first day of the Assembly, at what time the King, the Queen, the Prince, the Lords spiritual and temporal, the Judges, the Knights, citizens and burgesses, should all have been there convented and met together). But the Jesuit (being a confederate therein before, resolved and encouraged him in the action), and said that he should be secret in that which his master had imparted unto him, for that it was for a good cause. Adding moreover that it was not dangerous unto him nor any offence to conceal it. And thereupon the Jesuit gave him absolution and Bates received the Sacrament of him in the company of his master Robert Catesby and Thomas Winter.¹

Anyone who compares the text of the examination of Bates with Coke's report of it will see that the agreement even in the minute details of the wording is in general very close. On the other hand Coke has made certain additions which I have indicated by enclosing them in round brackets. There is not a word in Bates' deposition which implies that the explosion was to take place when the King, Lords and Commons were assembled, neither does Bates declare that "the Jesuit was a confederate therein before," neither does he say that "he resolved and encouraged him in the *action*." Moreover there is a quite remarkable restraint in Coke's reference to the clause "that he [Bates] should be secret in that which his master had imparted unto him, because that was for a good cause." One would have expected an outburst here upon the monstrous impiety of the suggestion that the murder of the King and all his counselors was for a good cause. Why does Coke refrain? It was, I believe, because he knew, and because the Lords Salisbury, Northampton, Nottingham, Suffolk and Worcester, there present, who had attested Bates' deposition, also knew, that Bates had never heard from Greenway any commendation of the design itself. The priest had never said that the blowing up of the Parliament House was for a good cause. What Greenway had been asked by Bates was whether he might keep his master's secret. To this question he had answered Yes, and he had added that not only was such

¹ "A True and Perfect Relation," Signature G. 2.

silence for a good cause but that Bates ought "to tell no other priest of it." When we read the deposition again in the light of this suggestion, the whole statement is seen to hang together. Bates was simply Catesby's faithful servant. He was not regarded by the conspirators themselves as participating in the plot. His name is not included in the list of confederates given by Fawkes on November 17th. They knew he could not be blind to what was going on. They induced him to take an oath of secrecy about it, but his conscience was uneasy regarding this promise of silence and he mentioned it in confession. Greenway reassured him and told him that to conceal it was not wrong, indeed that he ought not to speak of it to anyone, not even to a priest. Why did he give such advice? Certainly not because he hoped to see the conspirators' purpose realized, but because he foresaw the terrible consequences to the Catholic cause if the plot became known. All the penal laws would be enforced with renewed severity. There would be endless arrests and cruel torture of those suspected. Capital would be made out of the discovery to inflame anti-Catholic feeling throughout the kingdom. On the other hand there was good reason to hope that if matters were kept quiet, the project would never go further. The mine itself—at this date, December, 1604, there was no thought of hiring the cellar—was already presenting many unforeseen difficulties. Strong prohibitions were looked for from Rome which Greenway doubtless thought might prove an efficacious deterrent. Spain showed no disposition to lend substantial support to any uprising of English Catholics. Under such circumstances, so Greenway must have calculated, the conspirators would not long persist in such a crazy scheme. As long as any hope remained of frustrating the plot by peaceful persuasion, it would be an outrage to betray these much enduring men who were their fellows and their benefactors but at the same time the victims of a misguided zeal. To save them was "a good cause" but one that demanded the strictest secrecy about what had been projected.

But more than this, there is every reason to suppose that Greenway did not at the time grasp what was really intended. To us now who have been at least vaguely familiar from childhood with the story of Gunpowder Treason, it appears plain that a mine under the Parliament House could have had no other motive than the destruction of those who

sat in the national assembly. The very form of Bates' statement—"they told him it was true that they meant to do somewhat about the Parliament House, namely to lay powder under it to blow it up,"—suggests that their purpose was not then so clear to him and Greenway. It is, when one thinks of it, highly improbable that Catesby and Winter would have revealed to Bates their whole design. They might, for all the servant then knew, have meant no more than to destroy the material building as an act of terrorism and a signal for revolt, just as they might for a similar purpose have tried to blow up old St. Paul's or London Bridge. Greenway, on Bates' own showing, was not anxious to learn particulars. The one point he was clear about was that Bates was at that time justified in keeping his master's secret. Moreover, there is strong evidence that Bates, servant though he was, did not participate in the mining operations. Fawkes expressly declared that "all seven," who worked at the mine, "were gentlemen by name and blood, and not one was employed about this action (no not so much as in digging and mining) that was not a gentleman."¹ May it not be that Greenway, while justifying Bates in keeping his master's secret in view of the terrible consequences which disclosure might bring both upon himself² and the whole Catholic body, was urgent that he should not directly co-operate in an undertaking which he suspected to be morally indefensible. It is perhaps worth notice that Greenway had apparently had his mind directed to the material damage which would be caused by an explosion underneath the Parliament House, for he speaks in his narrative of "the very serious loss which would result from the destruction of these ancient and most imposing buildings and the perishing of the archives and papers of the Court."³

The most curious feature in Bates' case, and one which plainly had weight in persuading the late Father Gerard that the alleged confession of December 4th was in large part a forgery, is a letter written by Bates shortly before his execution and preserved to us in the narrative of Gerard the elder. In this Catesby's servant shows himself scrupulously anxious to be honest in money matters, just as he

¹ Fawkes' examination of November 8th.

² No scruple was at this date felt about torturing "those of the inferior sort" when information was wanted or hoped for.

³ Greenway MS. fol. 68.

had apparently been scrupulous about the question of keeping his master's secret. But while in that letter he accuses himself of weakness, owns to having said that he saw "them all" (apparently the Jesuit Fathers Greenway, Gerard and Garnet) together with Catesby at Harrowden, Lord Vaux's house, and admits that he had fetched Greenway from Father Garnet at Caughton, to come to Huddington to meet Catesby on the morrow of the discovery of the Plot, he makes no reference whatever to his examination of December 4th. One would infer that he had no consciousness of having on that occasion given anything away, although, as we have seen, his deposition of December 4th appears to state that Greenway told him that the outrage they were contemplating was for a good cause and that he ought consequently to do as his master told him. If Bates had really said or implied on December 4th that Greenway in confession had expressed approval of the Plot, it is difficult to understand how this honest serving man, with death before his eyes, could have failed to reproach himself deeply for such a betrayal, even had the fact itself been true. If, however, he had only made known that Greenway in confession told him that he ought to keep his master's secret, that was quite a different matter and called for no remorse.

My conclusions in view of all the circumstances of the case are, therefore, the following.

First, I believe that the copy of Bates' examination of December 4th, now preserved in the "Gunpowder Plot Book" at the Record Office, is in substance an accurate transcript of the minute made at the time and witnessed by the Commissioners. None the less it seems probable that either the minute itself, or the copy, did not quite fairly reproduce all that may have passed when Bates was under examination. It is clearly a summary and not a verbatim report of his answers. Any explicit declaration by the prisoner that he knew no more of the intent of the conspirators than that they aimed at destroying the fabric of the Parliament House is likely to have been suppressed. And the same would apply to any explanation he might have offered of the phrase used by Greenway "that was for a good cause." The Government preferred to leave the deposition ambiguously worded, so that it might seem to imply more than its substance warranted. At the same time they did not wish by any gross

misstatement to provoke a possible protest from any of the Lords Commissioners who had conducted the examination.

Another fact which seems to me to lend probability to the view that Greenway (though no doubt only in confession) had heard from Bates all about the doings of the conspirators at an early date, is the extraordinary fullness of the account which in his *Italian Relation* he gives of the difficulties encountered in the digging of the mine. Normally Greenway is content to translate loosely the English text of his friend Father Gerard's "Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot." The division into chapters is the same, and even where Greenway paraphrases or inverts the order of sentences he adds as a rule very little of his own. But in the description of the conspirators' mining operations, while Father Gerard (the elder) dismisses the subject in a paragraph or two, Greenway elaborates the story in three different places, giving at least six times as much space to it as his predecessor and adding a variety of details which we find nowhere else.¹ It is from him we learn of the little summer-house built in the garden to hide the place where the mine started (*et in quello giardino fecero una casetta alquanto capace nella quale diedero principio alla mina*). It is he also who tells us of the extreme hardship endured by such tall men as Catesby and Percy when working in a confined space, of the illness they contracted in consequence, of the flooding of the mine as they approached the river, of their alarm lest the powder should get damp, and of the superstitious terror excited by the sound of a bell for which they could not account. How did Father Greenway come by this minute knowledge of the facts? I am doubtful even whether he could have obtained it later on from Catesby, because at the time when Greenway became seriously uneasy and came to consult Garnet in confession about what Catesby had told him, the idea of undermining the Parliament House had long been abandoned. All interest in the mine had evaporated after the cellar was acquired. I am inclined to believe, therefore, that the information concerning the at-

¹ It is one of the most extraordinary lapses in the late Father Gerard's "What was the Gunpowder Plot?" that he declares twice over (pp. 64, n. 3 and 84) that for our knowledge of the mine "we are wholly dependent upon two documents published by the Government, a confession of Thomas Winter and another of Fawkes, both of which present features rendering them in the highest degree suspicious." Greenway's most circumstantial account is to be found on folios 38, 44 and 58 of his manuscript at Stonyhurst.

tempted excavations was originally communicated in confession by Bates. But when Greenway wrote, Bates was dead and the Plot and its failure were ancient history. The material details concerning the mine did not perhaps seem to him matter of conscience, and the confessor may have thought himself free to make public the knowledge thus obtained, even if it had come to him in the confessional.

Secondly, a careful perusal of the text of Bates' first examination seems to show, as already stated, that the clause "that was for a good cause" refers, not to the scheme of blowing up Parliament House, but simply to the question definitely asked by Bates, viz., whether he was justified in keeping the matter secret. Both the prisoner under examination and the Commissioners appear to have been preoccupied with this matter of secrecy. Thus, later in the same deposition, we read:

Being asked whether he [Bates] had acquainted any other priest with the conspiracy, he saith No. But saith that he confessed himself to another priest named Hammond at Huddington, R Winter's house, but that was only for his sins, and not for any other particular cause.¹

If Bates had really borne witness that Greenway as early as December, 1604 had encouraged him to aid the conspirators in what they were plotting because the destruction of King, Lords and Commons was for a good cause, I find it difficult to believe either that the Government would have delayed their proclamation against the Jesuits for nearly six weeks, or that Coke in the two trials would not have made better use of such a trump card. It is true that we have no very satisfactory report of what was said in court, and it is also true that the confession of Bates seems to have been mentioned in both trials, but there is a more marked restraint in Coke's language when Bates stood before him at the bar and when the matter was fresh in the minds of the Lords Commissioners, than was perceptible two months later at Garnet's trial when Bates had been executed. Coke's statement on the first occasion, as reported in the "True and Perfect Relation," has already been quoted (p. 390 above). Of the later speech we have more than one account. That in MS. Addit. 21,203 tells us nothing of Bates' avowals on

¹ Gunpowder Plot Book, n. 145.

December 4th; but in MS. Harleian 360 (fol. 113a) Coke is represented as saying:

In November following [1604] comes Bates to Greenway the Jesuit, and doubts whether he might put his hand to so horrible an act, and tells his master's purpose. He (Greenway) hears his confession, absolves him and encourageth him to go on, saying it is for the good of the Catholic cause and therefore warrantable.

In a "True and Perfect Relation" the report stands thus:

And in November following, Thomas Bates, being fetched in by Catesby his master, to participate in the Powder treason, for better assurance of his secrecy and prosecution thereof, is by Greenway the Jesuit confessed, encouraged and told that being for a good cause he might and ought not only conceal it, as committed unto him by his master, but further said that it was no offence at all, but justifiable and good.¹

In both these, emphasis is laid upon the allegation that Greenway declared the carrying out of the plot to be for the good of the Catholic cause.

Thirdly there seems to be at least a considerable probability that nothing was said to Bates by the conspirators regarding the exact purpose at which they aimed. Even if he guessed that they meant to explode the mine while Parliament was sitting, he would not have been told that this was to take place when the King, ambassadors and Catholic lords were there. The mention of Bates' alleged testimony in the speeches made at the trials seems to have given Catholics an unfavourable impression of his staunchness. But they had not before them the text of his deposition, even as it stands now in the copy at the Record Office, and that copy, as suggested above, may quite possibly give a misleading idea of his answers. It is also highly probable that, being a servant, he was put to the manacles, if not to the rack. Few of these warrants for applying torture have been preserved, but there is every reason to think it was extensively used. A small packet of letters among Lord Cowper's Manuscripts at Melbourne Hall, lets us know that on February 19, 1606, powers were given to put "any of the inferior sort" who

¹ "A True and Perfect Relation," Sig.R. 4 v^o.

were prisoners in connection with the Gunpowder Plot, to the manacles, and three days later this was followed up by permission to use the rack.¹ Moreover, Father Thomas Laithwaite, S.J. (the name is misprinted Saithwaite in the Calendar) is similarly mentioned in a later document preserved with the others. Despite Dr. S. R. Gardiner's reluctance to admit the fact, there can be no doubt that torture was more than threatened in the case of a number of suspects arrested after the discovery of the Plot. Bates' resolution may, of course, have given way under the strain and he may have confessed more than was true. But the ambiguous terms of the first deposition preserved to us, the note of anticipation rather than attainment in Cecil's letter to Favat, the long delay in the issue of the proclamation against the Jesuits, and the lack of any acute self-reproach in Bates' apology before his trial, all tend to show that the poor fellow had not betrayed the priests in any disgraceful measure. Father Gerard's "Narrative of the Plot," written in 1606 before the facts were understood, speaks of him rather harshly as "but a serving-man, and never of any extraordinary capacity or devotion, but only trusty to his master," but another contemporary hand which has corrected Father Gerard's autograph has noted in the margin, "Bates was a very honest and devout man." It is noteworthy also that Greenway in his history of the Plot mentions that he himself, coming to London two days after the execution of Sir Everard Digby and the rest, made particular inquiry about their behaviour on the scaffold. His informant told him that Bates faced death with better courage than had been expected, to the great consolation of the Catholics who were present.

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¹ Historical MSS. Commission, XII. Report, Appendix, Part I., p. 60. This was, however, certainly not the first time such warrants were issued in the case.

TRAVELLERS' REST

W E valley folk are long lived. The first three tombstones inside the gate of the chapel-yard tell of nonagenarians; there are others there and many eighties lying in the church-yard as well. We attribute our health to our water, superstitiously, no doubt; physicians praise the air, justly; but probably a sufficiency of hard work and a notable repose of surroundings and character, a calm, surprising and sometimes terrifying to stray townsmen, are its real guarantees.

The death then of Eliza Evans startled us—I had almost written shocked us, but we are not shocked by birth or death, growth or begetting; it was not only sudden and swift, it was also untimely, for she was a young woman, not yet sixty, and a tough, leathery creature. We had been mildly interested in the colliers' strike, for there are mines not fifty miles away and some have sons or brothers there. But Eliza, struck down on Friday, dead on Wednesday, superseded so distant an interest; with bacon on the rack, flour at the mill and wood on the mountain, we can stand out indefinitely against transport difficulties.

On Saturday she was buried; a clear, sunny day, and the church-yard looked a pleasant resting-place. It was early when I got there and most people would be "at the house," a visit of courtesy, which is provided for with plenty of food and drink since habitations are scattered hereabouts and some come many miles. But beneath one of the yew trees, standing by the grave, were three of my neighbours: Mrs. Leach, her face drawn with cancer-pain, Mrs. Broad, dignified and kind, and Mrs. Williams, a bright, bird-like soul; all old and hardly strong enough to climb the hill to Philip Evans's house.

I thought as I approached that surely one of these three would be the next to fill a grave there and that each one knew it; possibly they were talking and speculating on that very thing. We greeted one another, and spoke kindly of the dead. She had not been a popular woman; a slattern, dirty-mouthed, reputed dishonest: but she had had pluck and tenacity, and we talked of that.

Soon we heard the tramp of feet coming down the lane.

Undoubtedly that funeral procession is a survival of more ceremonious days. It has the dignity of tradition and, church or chapel, is always the same. First the men, two and two, followed by the minister, then the coffin borne on the shoulders of six bearers, the mourners immediately after, and lastly the women, again two and two. Nor does it move funereally, but at as sharp a pace as their burden will permit to the bearers. So we take our dead to burial, without the help of hearse or horse, though it may be from a distance of four or five miles. Decency and order are the characteristics of such a burying, as decency and order are characteristics of the people who take part in it.

At the church-yard gate the men fall back on either side and the coffin passes between them into the church, the mourners following. Philip Evans a week ago was a brisk, upstanding, grey-headed man; to-day he is bent, he creeps rather than walks, his hair is white. He is supported on the arm of his daughter, an over-dressed girl whose airs and pretensions have already lost her more than one suitor; and close behind them is Dick, who took his mother's death as hardly as any. It is not true that he who weeps, weeps alone. We standers-by truly shared the sorrow of our neighbours, but in some of us wonder was added to it, that the death of so seemingly unattractive a woman as Eliza could excite so great a woe.

The adults for five miles around hardly total seventy, but there is close upon a hundred here and the church will not hold us all, though the benches have been removed. From where I stand in the porch I can see the coffin, and it is surprisingly long and narrow for a woman who had appeared to be short and heavily built. Certainly she had been strong; every week for years she walked to market and back, sixteen miles over mountain paths, in sun and rain and wind and deadly snow. And she worked to the end; her last action had been to cleave wood for the oven, work interrupted by her last words, that "her head was a smartish bit bad."

They have sung a hymn, "Lead kindly Light," the words of a scholar of Oxford and a Prince of the Roman Church fitting so well the mood of this gathering of Protestant yeomen, and now the minister is reading that apocalyptic passage from the first letter to the Corinthians. How appo-

site, how peculiarly apposite, it is to men and women whose lives are conditioned entirely by the work of the earth, speaking to them in familiar terms of first-fruits, of the flesh of beasts, fishes, birds, of the sowing of bare grain in corruption, of the reaping of wheat in its glory and power. And so to the climax: "Behold! I shew you a mystery . . . the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed . . . be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." Interpreting it materially, how many of our urban millions can so confidently assert that their labour is not in vain?

Again the coffin is lifted, and carried out. The voice of the minister drones in the heat, and stops as the coffin is lowered. The silence is broken by the noise of weeping and then by that most unmistakeable of sounds, the sound of earth falling upon wood. The voice takes up again to the end.

While a final hymn is sung I look around on these my neighbours, unfamiliar and uncomfortable in their best clothes, and wonder if they are truly representative of England, or only of rural England. Five score souls who in their lives typify those things that matter: patience, humility, decent poverty, neighbourliness, with reasonable measure of content and happiness. For the hundredth time I am impressed by that look of innocence, of child-like acceptance of unadorned life, upon the faces of the aged, such as Sarah Robinson, who can neither read nor write and hardly leaves the kitchen, or of James Leach, seventy years old, upright, working ten or more hours a day, inflexibly just, keen of mind and eye, a lover of children.

And there are the younger men—Jones of the Mount, who hardly saw Eliza ten times a year, is sobbing by her grave, probably under the emotional influence of St. Paul and Cardinal Newman rather than for grief; but clearly a stern life has neither soured nor hardened him. There is a youth who deprecated the establishment of an inn in the hamlet,—“for then we should cease to brew good beer for ourselves.” And there is Jacob Huish, a shepherd, who sleeps but once in forty-eight hours and complains that since smock-frocks went out of fashion “a hind can't be told from a lawyer on hiring days.” And the women—let the hard, uncomplaining

ing life of Eliza Evans speak for them all. You can pity them if you will. They do not pity themselves, they are too busy living.

I do not idealize these folk—I live too close to them. This is no sentimental Arcadia of "virtuous lives led amid beautiful views"; nor is it the grim and vicious rural scene of certain novelists. Our failings are the ordinary human failings; to our credit are still, pre-eminently, *virtus* and *pietas*, which no speech but the Roman can express.

I scattered earth cross-wise on the coffin and left the church-yard. Across the road is Church Farm and as I passed a solitary incongruous motor-car drew up. It was my new neighbour, John Price, bringing home his bride. They had been wedded that morning at Hedgefield, only eight miles across the mountain but thirty as they had come by road. To receive them was Price's father, who had stayed at home to tend the beasts and have all ready. Early next morning bride and groom together broke in on my breakfast to deliver milk, and later she was setting potatoes in the flat field by the brook.

Here is a simplicity incredibly stark in our land and generation. "Why should they have a honeymoon? Isn't being single one day and married the next enough change for anybody? 'Tis better to begin as they must go on." A hard philosophy, perhaps, but one that can be lived by, and folk live by it here as they have done for two thousand years. We hear and see that, beyond the mountains which enfold us, the philosophies and policies of two centuries cave in and break like their "mass-produced" gates and wagons. So we cling, unconsciously and as best we may, to the British peasant tradition: we are born, we work, we marry and beget, we still work, we die and are carried on our neighbours' shoulders to burial. And we esteem character and neighbourliness more than learning or pleasure.

DONALD ATTWATER.

THE SIBYL AND REVELATION

MANY will have been stirred into at least momentary interest by the arresting words in the *Dies Irae* which emphasize its tremendous theme, declaring *Teste David cum Sibylla*. The Franciscan poet¹ couples together the names of the poet-seer and ancestor of Christ, King and Saviour and the unknown mysterious Voice which, in other lands and other ages, articulated the desire of many prophet and just. It should not be difficult to see in that mention and conjunction a high appropriateness. As the Great Pardon implored is both individual and universal, and linked with the General Judgment of the human race, so the Catholic Dirge has room for all pious thought.

Our devout recognition of the Divine revelation to man through the Chosen People does not bid us exclude from all participation therein the races outside. Not all were dully unexpectant. To some were vouchsafed fragmentary gleams of hope in a consummation of humanity. Among them were just men, aspiring souls who, though sitting in darkness, longed for the light. Of such came the mysterious Melchisedech, priest of the Most High, who met and blessed the Hebrew patriarch, the Chosen. Perhaps it may even be said that the multiple personalities summed up in the Sibyl of St. Augustine, the Fathers and the *Dies Irae*, correspond in the natural order with the priest of Salem in the spiritual. Indeed, a possible though faintly indicated contact has been suggested in the un-named Queen of Sheba and her successor Candace. The one in her own person, the other through her envoy, were seekers after wisdom. The inscrutable passage in Isaias, which Philip the deacon "expounded" in the speeding chariot, was akin to the enigmatic utterances of the Sibyls.

To one of the excluded peoples, the Moabites, belonged Balaam. He is seen as an official vehicle of the supernatural, and an unwilling witness to justice, delivering an uncomprehended message under spiritual compulsion. The exiled Daniel in Babylon was able by Divine inspiration to excel in the interpretation of mysteries in the home and

¹ Thomas of Celano, 1200—1255.

cradle of occultism. The *Benedicite*, recited at every Lauds, is a reminder of the creatures of God which were the objects, or the shrines of the objects, of veneration, and in it they are challenged to adore His sovereignty. The Magi of the Epiphany did not spring out of the vague; they were the speaking witnesses to the expectancy of a waiting world.

The songs of Zachary and Simeon, accompanying the Nativity, breathe the spirit of an earth-embracing hope. Sings the one, "The Orient from on high hath visited us to enlighten them that sit in darkness"; and the other declares, "A light to the revelation of the Gentiles." The Church has captured the note in the antiphons of Advent, the "Great O's." The invocations to Wisdom the Word, under the aspects of Leader of Israel, Root of Jesse, and Key of David, lead on to apostrophes of the Orient (Dayspring), the King and Desire of the Gentiles, the Hope and Expectation of the nations.

The re-action of the Christian mind to pagan thought has wavered between abhorrence and admiration. It has been a reflex, though of lesser intensity, of that of the Jewish to the Gentile spirituality. St. Paul at Athens, while chiding the anxious pietism, recognized the intention of the altar *To the Unknown God*, and made appeal to Greek poetry to attest the supernatural origin of man. The protest of militant Christianity against moral corruption would have become heresy had it repudiated pagan (or natural) virtues, and the Church has ever had a spirit of broad sympathy with the Gentile craving for the Divine. Hence early Christian belief may well have acknowledged that broken lights of revealed Truth were granted to pious pagans. In the prologue of St. John to his Gospel there is no rebuke in "the darkness did not comprehend it" (the true Light), but rather the reproach lies in that He "came unto His own and His own received Him not."

In the days when God still communed with man in dreams and visions of the night, and showed His Will by signs and portents, there was scope for those who, acting merely as the vehicles of a message, delivered it "as they were moved," in enthusiastic frenzy, or in the panoply of woe, or with energetic dumb-show and rending of garments. The Books of the prophets in the great library of the Bible show this clearly. Their message was wont to be delivered in terms permitting various interpretations and capable of being

variously applied. This oriental quality is one to which western minds find it difficult to adjust themselves. They are apt to be impatient with the mistiness of eastern methods of treatment and to reject what cannot be approached and dealt with in definite terms braced with plain common sense. One, possibly limited, essential is preferred to the vague totality of the cryptic expression. Thus arises the contrast between the oriental fondness for the parable and its uncertain effect and alien look in the west, where, unless parabolic speech will yield its sense, clearly and immediately, we are apt to think it meaningless.

The Holy Scriptures give the scope of this mode of expression. "I will incline mine ear to a parable, I will set forth my theme on the psaltery" (Ps. xlviii. 5), and "I will open my mouth in parables, I will utter the wisdom of olden times" (Ps. lxxvii. 2). After the striking parable of the Sower (St. Matt. xiii.) the disciples, asking "Why in parable?" had an explicit answer. If the failure to understand was probable it was not because of the mode of the teaching but because of the mood of the taught. Twice it is said, "Another parable he *proposed* to them," instead of the usual *spoke*; and the disciples pleaded, "*Expound* to us the parable," which suggests an innocent, as well as a culpable, lack of understanding. Long usage and tradition supported the idea of Divine revelation by means of mysterious utterances and symbols. It was in accord with a progressive revelation and common to all peoples in a similar stage of development. A special privilege of Moses was "to see the Lord openly and not through dark sayings and figures" (Num. xii. 8).

The Hebrew "oracles" (or prophecy), like the parable, were utterances needing interpretation, and both carried implications which might be differently understood. The researches of the "higher" criticism may have shown—to the satisfaction of the critics—that the prophecies of Isaías and Jeremias, accepted as Messianic, were only political rhapsodies. Similarly, literary criticism has assumed that only the ready credulity of the early Christians accounts for the wide acceptance of a vague body of prophecy known as the "oracles," or the Sibylline Books. The original "prophecies," preserved in the Capitol for a thousand years, and consulted in times of disaster, were attributed to the *Sibylla Nobilissima Erythrea*, who was supposed to have been contemporary

with Ezechias, King of Judah. They were offered, according to the legend, nine scrolls in number, to Tarquin the Proud for an immense sum of money. The King refusing to pay so exorbitant a price, the Sibyl destroyed three and asked the same price for the remaining six. On being again refused the Sibyl destroyed three more and offered the remaining three for the same sum. No longer dared the King refuse, so plain it was that their value was beyond price. These scrolls were destroyed in the burning of the Temple of Jupiter in Rome B.C. 83, and the collection which replaced them and inherited their name were gathered by order of the Senate from various centres of oracle and divination in Asia, Greece, and Italy. These, which had never commanded the same veneration as the earlier ones, were burnt in the sack of Rome (A.D. 408).

But apart from this official collection, there were others. Even in pre-Christian times the Jews of the Diaspora had begun to embody their religion in the form of "Sibylline oracles" so as to spread it amongst the pagans, and this tradition remained active amongst the early Christians. Consequently, in the mass of oracular literature of this kind still extant, only a few fragments of the ancient pagan utterances survive. The rest is either Jewish, Christian or an amalgam of both. The language is Greek of an Homeric cast; the form metrical, again after the Homeric fashion. In the second century A.D. these so-called Sibylline utterances seem to have been already classed as literature, a body of thought and aspiration without very definite didactic purpose. They were supposed to voice the longing of the fallen race for a Redeemer and to sketch the process and end of redemption. In their garb of hexameter-acrostics they had intellectual as well as poetic dignity. In their inner significance of ardent anticipation, veiled hopes and mystical signs, as in their outer form, they might well seem to be akin to the cherished dithyrambs of the Hebrew prophets.

Through their means, then, originally, learned and pious Jews, scattered in their little assemblies in every great city, heard echoes of their own monotheism in these supposed pagan utterances, and many Gentiles learnt to share the expectations of each loyal Jewish heart. There was much in these verses, naturally enough, to recall the really inspired Jewish Scriptures: many muffled echoes of Isaiah and the prophets. Gradually there were compiled many thousands

of verses, dwelling upon the coming reconciliation of power and weakness, foreshadowing a royal kingdom of gentleness and love, developing finally, under Christian treatment, into actual descriptions of the Saviour and even of incidents in His life and death.

This esoteric literature, once religiously venerated throughout the Roman Empire by many, pagan, Jew and Christian, who were ignorant of its source, was, in effect, pure propaganda, Jewish or Christian as the case might be. The learned still dispute the *provenance* of this or that number of the fourteen books in which the sayings are now comprised. The device is not singular in literary history. But few of the authors of the ancient east are, or were, known by name. It was a modest and appropriate custom to place contributions to the region of thought under the shelter of an accredited authority. Of such were probably the Fables of Pilpay; certainly those of Æsop; the detached reflections and counsels dressed in Sacred Writ as the "Proverbs of Solomon" came from various sources. The same is asserted though with less probability of the works of Homer, which, as the care-free fourth-form boy declared, "are believed not to have been written by him but by another man of the same name." So of the Scandinavian *Edde* and the Teutonic *Nibelungelied*; and so of our own *Beowulf*, translated as to place and time and developed, with Christianizing accretions, into epic-form.

Imaginative thought, whose province it is to move the heart and to fire the will, having clothed knowledge in impressive garb seeks to send it forth through traditional channels and by vehicles consecrated by use. Its subjects are the objects it reveres, its material their intrinsic value, its implements the mental currency of its age. But always it seeks to connect itself with a known creative impulse. Hence comes poetic tradition; hence, too, the reviving of old formulas and the investing of them with a new significance. Thus, as we have said, Jewish and early Christian thinkers, finding themselves in an environment not yet distinguishing between spiritual enlightenment and the occult, found in the fragmentary "Sibylline Oracles" enough kinship with their own Wisdom literature to make their literary form an appropriate channel for the diffusion of true religion. The Sibyl whose words the Emperor Constantine is said to have quoted on opening the great Council of Nicæa (A.D. 325) may well

have sheltered with her mantle the ardent utterance of a devout Christian scholar.

So, too, St. Justin, pleading with the Emperor Antoninus not to withhold the Sibylline Books from Christian reading; and Tertullian, who asserts "The Sibyl was more ancient than all the heathen learning," and Lactantius, basing his authority on the references of Varro and Cicero, may one and all be referring to the developed and recent accretions rather than the original slender core of pagan vision. But none of this need prevent the Catholic of to-day from feasting his mind on the treasures, old and new, which that great Householder, the Church, has garnered and preserved.

In spite of the difficulty felt by early Christian thinkers in reconciling Revelation with Greek Philosophy, as shown in the polemical writings of the time, "what stands massively forth in them is the belief . . . that Christ is the Desired of the heathen and the Jew."¹ St. Justin and other apologists sought to show that the Christian Creed "contained whatever of best the old philosophy had prized."² Undoubtedly many found it not discordant with faith to hold that the Gentile world had been vouchsafed mysterious prophecies, whose fullness was not exhausted by events which had already "gone through the process of happening." Among such would be reckoned the Books of the Sibyls, though in the many that have been collated and preserved under that title, only the veriest fragments were the ancient deliverance, and all the rest the attracted gloss.

The personalities commemorated and the associations are impressive and interesting. The most ancient among those to whom were attributed prophecies of the Messiah is given as the daughter of Dardanus (the eponymous hero of the Dardanelles). The most famous in classical mythology was the Sibylla Delphica, identified with Pythia, a predecessor of Apollo at Delphi, and in whose honour the famous games were instituted. Homer was said to have enshrined some of her utterances in his poems. Better known by name and more widely revered was the Sibyl Cumæa, contemporary of Numa Pompilius, whose aid was invoked by Æneas in the Virgilian epic.³ She it was who led him through "the empire of departed souls." St. Augustine,⁴

¹ "Catholic Thought and Thinkers," Ch. 1. Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Æneid* vi.

⁴ "The City of God," Bk. XVIII. 23.

quoting a Latin version of the Sibylline prophecy of a Day of Judgment, attributed it to the Cumæan or to the Erythrean Sibyl; and also the mysterious reference in Virgil's Fourth Eclogue he suggested "had been dictated by the Cumæan Sibyl."¹ The Sibylla Tiburtina has frankly Christian associations, as may be seen from the legendary account that, on the occasion of a visit paid to her by Augustus on the Capitol, there appeared to him a vision of a Maiden holding a Child, while a voice proclaimed "Hic est filius Dei." On the spot, we are told, the Emperor had an altar erected, the *Ara Cœli*, the site of which was later covered by the church of Sta. Maria in Ara Cœli. This conjunction of vision and voice is quite unlike the earlier Sibylline oracles, although more than one had already made dim suggestion of a Virgin-Birth.

This, together with a coming judgment and a renewal of the earth, was a dominant theme of the oracles, framed in the beginning of the Christian era, and to these St. Justin and his contemporaries appealed. The Apostolic Constitutions had quoted them. "Let us at least believe what their own [the Gentiles'] prophetess, Sibylla, obliges them to believe." The little persecuted Christian Church, unassisted on this point by revelation, believed for a time the Last Day to be imminent, as did St. Augustine and St. Jerome, in the fourth century, hearing of the sack of Rome by the Goths.

The reputed vehicle, the oracular priestess, even had historic sanctions, for the Hebrew records were not without examples of inspired women. "Mary the prophetess, the sister of Aaron," led the processional pæan of the deliverance from Egypt. Anna, the wife of Elkana, touched prophetic heights in her thanksgiving: "The Lord . . . shall give empire to His King and shall exalt the horn of His Christ." In their heroic age there was "Debbora a prophetess . . . who judged the people." In her strophes of victory she proclaimed "The Lord hath fought among the valiant ones . . . let them that love Thee shine as the sun shineth at his rising." There was "Holda the prophetess,"² to whom went Heleias the priest, with the official scribes of the temple, to know "concerning the words of the book which is found."

¹ *Ibid.*, Bk. X. 27 (Hort).

² IV Kings xxii. 14.

After passing almost into oblivion the (Jewish and Christian) Sibylline prophecies were studied with renewed interest in the religious and intellectual revival of the 12th century. But their true character was not immediately realized, and the purposed introduction of unmistakable Messianic episodes of a thousand years before were accepted as the original declarations of the pagan oracles, and as witnesses to the universal claim of the Christian revelation. Attributed to one was the announcing of the Incarnation and the Divinity of Christ; to another the singular purity of the Virgin-Mother; to another the dwelling on a Voice which should prepare the way for the blissful Seed and the "new race of men." Others were held to have described the Trial and Crucifixion; even to have rejoiced at the Resurrection and the Ascension. To the Tiburtine Sibyl was ascribed a verse beginning "*Laetare et Exulta puella!*" incorporated in the joyful phrases of the Easter antiphon; and to another the anticipation of the Good Friday Venerating of the Cross, in the apostrophe "*O lignum felix in quo Deus ipse pependit!*"

The Judgment prophecy quoted by St. Augustine as by the Erythrean Sibyl is in the form of an acrostic, the initial letters (with an emendation) forming the words Jesus Christ the Son of God the Saviour. The two sustained exercises in this device preserved in the Canon of Scripture are the Ode to the Valiant Woman (Prov. xxxi. 10) and the sublime Lyric of the Law (Ps. cxviii). The poet of the *Dies Irae* undoubtedly had in mind the verses attributed to the Sibyl who (St. Augustine thought) "ought to be reckoned among those who belong to the City of God."¹

The respectful homage paid by Catholic thought in Catholic art to these oracles, who were held to give unconscious witness to the Christian Faith, is shown in more than one notable instance. The pale figures of the Sibyls are seen in Amiens Cathedral; their representations on ancient walls in the Museum of the Vatican; and, most striking of all, in that richly storied structure the Cathedral of Siena, the Sibyls, ten in number, in vestal robes and bearing their mystic emblems, are depicted on the pavement of the aisles. The work of 15th century artists, they are part of the massive

¹ "The City of God," Bk. XVIII. 23.

scheme of historical picture-writing which was the outcome of the vigorous impulse of the Renaissance. They fitly flank the majestic allegory of Wisdom enthroned. With other symbolical and legendary characters they illustrate the partial revelation to humanity, as the Hebrew story shows the progressive revelation, of Divine things. Their presence among the most sacred representations testifies to the large and tender capacity of the Universal Church to comprehend, accept and refine whatsoever in human thought has been just or lovely or of good fame. Among her treasures she has preserved much that perhaps has "served its day and ceased to be," not through the absence of a critical sense, but in order that her sons and daughters may, "if there be any virtue or any praise of discipline, think on these things."

S. CUNNINGTON, M.A.

[Much interesting and curious information on the Sibyls is to be found in "As David and the Sibyls say," by Miss M. Monteiro, compiled at the request of the late Very Rev. Canon White. Sands and Co.]

ST. CECILIA AND HER MUSIC

THE Feast of St. Cecilia, Virgin Martyr, falls on the 22nd of November. We shall, many of us, commemorate her with a little canticle containing the couplet

Teaching the organ to combine
With voice, to praise the Lamb divine.

Some will go further and make the date the occasion of an oratorio. Here and there a choir will celebrate their annual *gaudeamus* in accord with a custom of a thousand years; for the *nobilis, ingenua, clarissima* Cecilia is the Patroness of Music, inasmuch as it was she who invented the organ and was the first to use it in the church to support her sacred song, thus consecrating the tonal art to the greater glory of God. Popes and princes have invoked her intercession; churches have been built to perpetuate her fame and associations formed beneath the mantle of her patronage. Chaucer and Dryden among the English poets; musicians, non-Catholic too, like Parry; painters, including Carlo Dolci and Domenichino, have vied with one another in tributes to her praise. The triptych of Van Eyck called "The Adoration of the Lamb" is perhaps the best known picture in all Christendom. Few can gaze upon it without some warmth of feeling, for one can almost hear Cecilia's raptured tones mingling with the strains of the fluty diapason; but alas! what we actually do more often hear is "What a pity it isn't true!"

It comes like a douche of cold water; there is a distinct lowering of the emotional temperature when the ruthless antiquarian sets out upon the process of our disillusionment. "Tis true," he says, "Cecilia was a singer; but singing does not of itself constitute a title to musical honours in the Church. There are Christian virgins, say, in Canning Town who sing to God without the least assurance of being canonized, and the Acts of the Martyrs are full of references to the psalms they sang under the torment. We look for something more in a Patroness of Music, something to show that she was herself an instrumentalist. The tradition that she was a musician rests upon a certain passage in her 'Acts' running thus: *Cantantibus organis, Cecilia decantavit Domino*,— 'While she played upon some kind of instrument Cecilia

sang to the Lord.' Now it is certain that she did not use the flute or lyre because the early Church frowned upon the use of both instruments. Neither did she use the organ, chiefly because there could not then have been an organ available. The principal opponent of the instrumental legend is Dom Gueranger, the founder of Solesmes, who, while acknowledging her to be the Patroness of all the arts, says she began to be invoked as the Patroness of Music, as distinct from the other arts, only from 1426, the date of Van Eyck's painting, in one of the panels of which she is shown seated at an organ while a group of angels with instruments in their hands accompanies a choir of terrestrial maidens."

Now the tradition has too great a hold to be lightly given up by one who has fed upon the lilies of the story from his cradle, and he may be trusted to welcome anything that gives promise of support to the old and dear attachment.

It is to be noted, first, that the famous archæologist does not entirely exclude Polyhymnia from the number of the Muses who took up their lodging with the saintly patrician. If she is Patroness of all the arts, she is Patroness of Music too, though not to such an extent as to permit of her being monopolized by the musician. Secondly, it is encouraging to remember that she has been so monopolized, and that without challenge for five hundred years and more. The learned Benedictine takes us even further.¹ Should we ask how it comes about that, far back in the middle ages, choirs have looked upon her as their special advocate, he would say that the word "decantabat" in the *Acta* was, for them, quite sufficient sanction and; moreover, because her spiritual song was superior to all earthly music, she has every right to the exclusive honour of Patroness in general. But the instrumentalist and the composer are not yet satisfied. They press the point that it is evident from the famous triptych that the instrumental half of the legend was, in Van Eyck's day, an idea full-grown from a seed planted apparently centuries before when the belief in Cecilia's own, personal, active part in the expression "Cantantibus organis" was universal. To this the historian responds (p. 479) "It would be rash indeed to affirm that she did not use a musical instrument, but her *Acta*, the only document upon her life, are silent upon the point." He proceeds to explain the

¹ See "Sainte Cécile et la Société Romaine aux deux premiers siècles." Paris, 1874, p. 480.

reference. "While at the nuptial banquet pagan slaves sang the customary Fescennine songs *to the accompaniment of flutes and lyres*, Cecilia, oppressed by the weight of the secret she had to break to Valerian, sang *in her heart* a verse of David imploring the assistance of Heaven in the trial that opened before her." He implies that if there is any warrant for the instrumental tradition, it must be sought elsewhere.

I do not pretend that there is any such warrant beyond the *vox populi*, but it may serve as a balm to the bruised heart of the disciple of the Martyr, if I can demonstrate, from the character of her times and the circumstances of her life, the probability that the three essentials, viz., the talent, the instrument and the opportunity were all present at the same time.

Fifty years of comparative peace in the State had enabled Trajan and the Antonines to make some progress in the arts and sciences. A like period of comparative security in the Church had resulted in a multiplication beyond all precedent in the numbers of Christians, when Cecilia was born at Rome of noble parents about A.D. 160. As she was brought up in the new Faith from childhood, it is presumed that her mother, at least, was also a Christian. A local persecution which broke out in Smyrna in 166 became general when the army brought home from the East a devastating pestilence (Niebuhr). The Christians were then obliged to resort again to the catacombs, with which for the succeeding seven or eight years Cecilia became as well acquainted as with her own noble home on the Campus Martius. The terror was brought to an end by the miracle associated with the Thundering Legion in 174. Cecilia had secretly vowed her virginity to God, but was married in February, 178, to the noble Valerian who, with his brother Tiburtius, occupied a stately palace in the Trastevere. The circumstances of the baptism of the two brothers and the manifestation of the angel are already well known. The three patricians lived together for two months. Faustina the Empress and her Court were in want of money. The anti-Christian laws were still in force. Marcus Aurelius had now gone to his death in the East. Valerian, the Christian, was worth robbing, and therefore suffered martyrdom with his brother on April 14. Cecilia, knowing too well her own impending fate, immediately stripped her house of everything of value and hid it in the most effectual manner by distributing it among her

fellow-sufferers. When Almachius the magistrate, after a few months' prudent delay (for even the pagan patricians resented the outrage upon one of their order) came to claim the forfeited property, Cecilia paid the price of his balked design with her own life. She was condemned to be secretly suffocated in her own *Calidarium* (the large heated chamber above the boiler-house in the extensive and luxurious bath attached to every Roman mansion). But the martyrdom was not thus to be done in a corner. She is said to have sung out the day in canticles like the three youths in the fiery furnace. This tradition is the more credible as it accounts for the officer's subsequent act. It was plain to all that twenty-four hours after the over-heated chamber had received her, she still survived. For his credit's sake he was forced to have her despatched by the sword. And thus she died on September 16, 178 (not November 22) and her body was deposited in the crypt afterwards known as that of Callistus. Now, although ecclesiastical music began to be organized only about 314 by Pope Sylvester, her shrine was already a place of pilgrimage long before her *Acta* were compiled about 450, and tradition concerning her must have been very vivid. Can we suppose that she made a start, at any rate, in introducing instrumental music into the Church?

The policy of the earliest Christians was one of total abstinence from the works and pomps of the pagan world. The fine arts, sculpture, painting, literature, philosophy, music, musical instruments and metrical songs, things indifferent in themselves, the children of the Kingdom sedulously avoided. If Cecilia early became the Patroness of the Arts, the reason is, presumably; that she was the first to bring the atmosphere of human culture into the appointments of the Church. At a period when a sympathy for the higher life was the boast of the Emperors, her education as a woman of noble birth was supplemented by the devotion of high-born slaves who brought from the ends of the earth the newest information and the highest-known artistic standards. She possessed, moreover, the material resources for the expression of her human graciousness, and found her opportunities in the catacombs, in the little "titles" or chapels re-opened in 174, and, most of all, during her two months' residence as the reputed wife of Valerian in the Trastevere mansion, in which, as the *Acta* tell us, she "served the Lord like the busy bee" and which she afterwards left to be "consecrated as a

church." Here a suite of chambers furnished with ascetic elegance was set apart for Bishop Urban, a lower apartment was consigned to the poor and sick, and an upper room, the largest, reserved as a chapel. Then, we conceive, the sacred vessels began to be made of refined gold; the vestments embroidered with "variety"; the flowers set in brazen bowls of curious design; the altar worked in precious marble and decked with richest purple; paintings began to adorn the walls and the Church's sacred song to be organized and regulated. (In 180 a flute was employed at Alexandra as a pitch-pipe.) This music had hitherto been Jewish and almost as far removed from the style of the day as Palestrina from the chant of Gregory. Then, we may suppose, the contemporary musical style was (I wish I were better able to prove it to be) consecrated to Christian uses but outside the liturgical services of the Church.

It is no more than fair to fancy that Cecilia's own musical talent was abreast, if not in advance, of the standard of the day. Plutarch and Claudius Ptolemy were her father's contemporaries. The former sums up, in the treatise he has left, the triumphs of all the known musicians to his day. From this treatise; from the illustrations of two-handed harps and double flutes that have come down to us; from our own sense of the powers of the human intelligence and of the instinctive delight in the concord of sweet sounds; and from the fact that Pythagoras, who lived several centuries before the Martyr was born, employed the consonant intervals that form the basis of our own harmonic system, as the materials for his experiments, it is almost impossible to resist the view that the ancients were acquainted with the elements of harmony and that their lack of the modern harmonic complexities was fully compensated by the richer powers of vocalization they enjoyed in the song-compelling atmosphere of Greece and Italy. Ptolemy, by tuning the two-octave lyre to the natural instinctive scale of the human voice, created an instrument which, so far as it went, was superior to our modern organ or pianoforte. More than 120 years before Cecilia's martyrdom the water-blown pipe-organ of the time of Nero, though small in compass, was in constant use. The organ of her own day, like the lyre, embraced two octaves, giving the minor scale of the white notes of its modern representative from A, the lowest note of the baritone, to A, the highest note of the tenor voice.

Now, Cecilia could not help being familiar with all these things. The harp and flute she would not touch (St. Jerome, writing against Julian the Apostate, 361, denounced the licentious songs of the Roman drama and insisted that no Christian maiden should be acquainted with these instruments or the base purposes for which they were used); but because the solemn-toned organ was of too austere a character to suit the needs of secular society, for this very reason there is every possibility that she had such an instrument in her own home; that she learned to play it; to sing to its accompaniment and to delight in its simple harmonies. Furthermore, the notion of the continuation of a series of 15 pipes in descending order to 22 bespeaks no great originality. Had Cardinal Wiseman told us in "*Fabiola*" that one of Cecilia's many little charges in the catacombs had come to her and said he was tired of hearing only *men-angels* singing, weren't there any *woman-angels*!; and that Cecilia had thereupon ordered her mechanician to add another octave to her organ, he might have been accused of romancing but scarcely of perpetrating an anachronism. Wherefore, although she was not in fact the inventress of the organ, Dryden may not, after all, be so very far off the mark when he says:

At last divine Cecilia came, inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
Enlarged the former narrow bounds, and added length to solemn
sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.

Again, the compass of the organ in Van Eyck's triptych itself is not more than three octaves. It needs but to widen the white and remove the black keys of his instrument to have a fairly faithful image of the one Cecilia traditionally played. The late Madame Patti used to retire to her little oratory at Craig-y-nos and pour out her soul like the lark in the heavens. If Cecilia were accustomed to sing to the organ in her mother's home, it is easy enough to see how the tradition might have arisen that she was constantly attended by angels who inspired her song when, alone in her chamber, in moments of ecstasy, she joined her voice with theirs and celestial sounds were outpoured upon the air.

Putting this for a moment aside and assuming that *Cantantibus organis* refers, not to the nuptial banquet, but to occasions which could not escape general notice; given the talent and given the instrument, where are we to look for the

opportunity? Not in the social functions of Roman society to which the bulk of the Christian colony were strangers and which Cecilia avoided whenever she could. Not at the liturgical services; for apart from the prohibition of the female singer except as a member of a choir co-extensive with the congregation, not only was there no more scope for music under the Emperors than at the "Ship" at Holborn in our own penal days, but until the fourth century there was scarcely any liturgical music at all. At the deposition of a martyr, clergy and laity, men and women, joined together in singing the *Miserere* or the *Benedictus*. In the subterranean chapels the assisting laity in alternation with the clergy sang the psalms in Greek to the nine ancient tones, but without their twenty varied endings, without the *Gloria* and without the antiphons. On Wednesdays and Fridays there was a non-liturgical synaxis at which all but the catechumens might communicate. Mass was celebrated on Sundays only. Then there was no *Kyrie*, *Gloria*, Creed or *Agnus* sung, nor Introit, Offertory or Communion; but a deacon at the Gradual sang two psalms, the second of which was a responsory, *i.e.*, the faithful added a refrain or *alleluia*, in *jubilus* or slow cadenza form similar to that now used before the blessing. After the dismissal of the catechumens all who remained sang the *Sanctus* and the *Benedictus* with which, like the Graduals, the Jews had been familiar from the days of Isaias. (There is some reason to think that one of the very few melodies to which the Trisagion was sung is that now sung at the Requiem.) This music was unaccompanied, for the first notice we have of an organ in the Church belongs to 457 in connection with a Gallican convent in Spain.

The outbreak of persecution drove the Christians into the crypts where they were often forced to remain for weeks together. Organization and regular occupation became a vital concern to the bishops. Besides the labour of cleansing, ventilation and continued excavation of the galleries, chapels and temporary living-chambers; besides the duty of feeding large numbers and of guarding against false brethren, an ever-present anxiety was the instruction, consolation and intellectual refreshment, particularly of the young. Then the offices of prime, terce, sext and none, the "psalms, hymns and spiritual canticles" lent their aid. In course of time even these might not suffice. Two hundred years later when St. Ambrose with his people was besieged in his basilica by

the Empress Justina, though only for three days, he introduced the new antiphonized psalmody, "lest the people should wax faint with the tediousness of sorrow" (St. Augustine). In a far more serious predicament Pope Eleutherius and his assistant bishop, Urban, looked out for something new. Their innovation, we can well conceive, consisted in the consecration of the fine arts to the service of prayer and praise and Christian culture. They had means for these developments ready to hand in the sanctity, the courage, the wealth and the artistic personality of Cecilia. Then, perhaps, in *Roma sotterranea* first appeared the paintings and the frescoes which the Lombards could not steal and the "cantica nova" which the echoing walls, alas! could not retain; new in their style and movement, new in the added richness of harmonic concord and new in their Christian inspiration. Abbé Martin, writing after Dom Gueranger, says "In the dim catacombs strains were heard which ravished even pagan ears, for while music pealed, Cecilia's angelic voice was heard as she sang to the Lord a new canticle and His praise was in the Church of the Saints." Cecilia herself had an instrument in the shape of a two-octave (or three-octave) organ. What was lawful in the palace above was not inexpedient in the catacomb below. Polyhymnia renewed in the waters of Christian poesy should, like her sisters, join in the adoration of the Lamb. Who first taught the Church to sing the Archangel's "Ave Maria" and to develop the Christmas greetings of the Gospel into the Great Doxology? St. Augustine says the women knew the angelical hymn by heart and offered it as a morning prayer. Why "by heart" if they did not sing it?, and why by "women" if it were not sanctioned as appropriately theirs by coming spontaneous from the heart of some angel-guided martyr like Cecilia?

There is nothing so little out of accord with what we know of her life as that Cecilia, surrounded by her youths and maidens and little children clients, should have sat at her instrument in some rock-hewn chamber, and, in some moment of relaxation from the stress of fear and sorrow, while accompanying her beautiful voice with a few simple chords in the hypo-Lydian mode (C major), have poured forth a rhapsody on the theme of the *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*.

EDWARD A. MAGINTY.

• BALLADS OLD AND NEW

Armado: Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth: The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

Armado: I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. . .

Love's Labour's Lost, I. ii.

AND, after all the laboured, heavy tomes, from Banatyne to Furnivall, the history of the ballad stands largely as Shakespeare summed it up: the world was "guilty" of ballads "ages since"; they were lost; they were fragmentarily recovered; they were "newly writ o'er." We are grateful even for the fragments, and saddened by the writing o'er. The real ballads are our English Iliad and Odyssey, broken peaks of perfect song standing up in the misty dawn of our language. The age and the spirit that produced them have passed for ever. They are a natural growth, slow and gigantic, like some vast geologic upheaval: the resultant of manifold obscure forces: shattered and weather-beaten by time: their bases hidden beneath the crumbled rubble. To write them o'er is like restoring jagged summits of the Matterhorn by conjectural forms in concrete. The modern imitators of them—let us be patient! But they do remind us of "the just but anxious fellow" of whom Belloc tells us, "that sat down dutifully to paint the soul of Switzerland upon a fan."

What is a ballad? Professor Ker answers: ". . . A ballad is *The Milldams of Binnorie* and *Sir Patrick Spens* and *The Douglas Tragedy* and *Lord Randal* and *Childe Maurice* and things of that sort." That is the best answer: just as in answer to, What is a statue? one might point to the Venus of Melos, and Michael Angelo's Moses, "and things of that sort." There is no *a priori* reasoning as to what a ballad should be. The ballad is a fact: its formula, if there be one, is deduced from the fact. One learns what it should be by observing what it is.

It begins abruptly. There are no preludes, no clearing of the singer's throat. The story—it is always a story—starts off like the clang of a bowstring.

There were twa sisters sat in a bour;
 Binnorie, O Binnorie!
 There cam a knight to be their wooer,
 By the bonnie milldams o' Binnorie . . .

Or

The king sits in Dunfermline town
 Drinking the blude-red wine;
 "O whare will I get a skeely skipper
 To sail this new ship o' mine?"

And thereafter there is no halt in it. It marches ahead swiftly, direct and pulsing as the tramp of armed men. There is no delay for description of man or place. It is dramatic. The characters reveal themselves in speech and action. Often there is not even the momentary flash of setting for them: their epic speech carries the tale forthright from the beginning.

"O where hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son?
 O where hae ye been, my handsome young man?"—
 "I hae been to the wild wood; mother, mak my bed soon,
 For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

The matter of a three-decker novel is put in a half score of stanzas. There is not a word wasted; yet there is no sense of hurriedness; and the story is complete, rounded out, and perfect. Of the author himself there is no trace in the ballad, so absolutely impersonal is its manner. Perhaps a hundred minstrels made it; it grew from mouth to mouth through generations; no man could call it his own. Yet surely no man tried to make it his own, to put the stamp of his personality upon it in reflection or comment. I should think that the old ballads might be the despair of every ambitious realist. They give solely and magnificently the clear, cold fact, surrounded and pervaded by its emotional atmosphere.

That atmosphere is worthy of particular note. In the older ballads it is almost universally tragic and eerie. It has the wild dourness of the Border hills; it is grey with cold Scotch mists, and creepy with the rustling of elves. It is not spiritual, though it is superstitious. It knows nothing of sentiment. Even love, in it, is only fierce and wild. It is full of half savage courage, and lawlessness, and sorrow, and despairing remorse, and sudden, brief poignant wailings. The earth reeks through it, and there is little hint of a heaven above. Yet it has the nobility of fearless, heroic endeavour, of justice, and of loyalty.

How vividly and convincingly this atmosphere is caught and portrayed in the ballads is matter for wonder: the more so, in view of their striking directness and simplicity. For so subtle a business the last trick of rhetoric might seem to be needed. Yet in the ballads almost the only rhetorical device is the childishly natural one of repeating words and phrases. The *Twa Corbies* chant over the dead and abandoned knight:

O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair.

It is apparently the plainest, baldest statement; yet it can chill our own bones with its absolute desolation.

And what a breath-catching thrill of the heroic is in the simple close of *Sir Patrick Spens*:

Half-owre, half-owre to Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep;
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

For a sheer sense of nobility, it would be hard to match that. We have the feeling that it is an epitaph for which a man might almost welcome death: the subtilty of a grief sublimated by glorying pride. Yet, on the face of it, it is only a simple declaration of fact.

There is scarcely need to multiply instances. The ballads in their entirety are a unanimous instance. They have done what every literary artist tries to do, and have done it with the finest and simplest tools of the trade: vividness of concept, and plain, direct words. They have so caught the central fact of their situations that it need only be put into clear language to produce an impression beyond the compass of all the rhetoric in the world.

In the artificial days of 1583 Sir Philip Sidney wrote:

Certainly I must confess my own barbarousness: I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung but by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style; . . .

a confession that wakes a kindlier regard for the pompously euphuistic author of the *Arcadia*. But he dashes our hopes by proceeding:

which being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobwebs

of that uncivil age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar?

It is like a patronizing praise of the Rocky Mountains, coupled with a regret that they are not terraced in imitation of an Italian garden. Even before Sidney's day the terracing had begun; and with an eye unblinded by the pedantry of the time he might have seen how disastrous was the result. From the period when ballads began to be *printed* until Coleridge and Scott, they compared with the genuine older ballads much as the ladies of the Trianon compared with the rustic maids of France. The resemblance was not even skin-deep; it was only paint-deep. The new ballads essayed the clothes of the old: but ridiculously beribboned and flounced and furbelowed.

With the nineteenth century began a more intelligent, more artistic imitation of the ballads. Many of these later ballads are beautiful compositions. Possibly to some readers they may appear improvements on the rougher originals; nor have I any desire to convert such readers. With that profound philosopher, Mr. Dooley, I may say, "If I saw a man discovering a new planet, I'd be the last in the world to brush the fly off the end of his telescope."

When Scott writes—

O Brignall banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green, . . .

we may admit in his verse, together with the true romantic breath, a finish and smoothness that is not found in *Earl Brand* or *Edom o' Gordon* or *Hynd Etin*, or "things of that sort." Yet it is possible that we do not much welcome the finish and smoothness. It marks the new balladry as something the old decidedly was not: a *composition*. For the old spontaneity it gives us the self-consciousness of the professional literary man, aware of rule and precedent, writing with a divided mind. It has fire; but it is the fire of a tidy hearth, not the wild blaze across the moorlands. The new balladry sings of love and of lawless deeds and of griefs and of elves. But somehow it is not convincing. There are tears in its eyes; but we suspect that it powders its nose when it has done weeping. We miss the note of *Helen of Kirconnell*, the terribly sincere

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma',
I hacked him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

We miss the ringing cry of the Percy:

Every man thynke on his true-love,
And mark him to the Trinitye;
For unto God I make mine avowe
This day I will not flee.

The men who spoke in this fashion were not composing; they were creating. And they make us feel that, for themselves as for us, their creations were supremely real. They put a vision into words, and it was the intensity of the vision which made the words right: not any rules of composition which they might have known.

The metre of the old ballads is crude. They were not concerned with metrical subtleties, but only with a swift, dramatic instance of life. Possibly the exquisite metrical halt at the close of each stanza in *La Belle Dame sans Merci* was beyond their compass; but most assuredly it was beyond their purpose:

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

That is elfin music; it has the creepy tone one hears so often in the old ballads, the tone of *The Queen of Elfland's Nourice*:

I heard a cow low, a bonnie cow low,
And a cow low down in yon glen:
Lang, lang will my young son greet
Or his mither bid him come ben!

But in Keats' verses the music is not essentially bound up with the thought. It takes us from the song to the singer, and we are more impressed by the cleverness with which he handles his wood-wind than by the thing he has produced. The other is the wail of the mother's heart itself.

Imagery, rhetorical figures, illustrations, the common stock-in-trade of the conscious poet, are comparatively rare in the old ballads. When they occur, they wear a casual air. The singer just found them; they were not sought for. You will look in vain amongst them for the Kiplingese

He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest. . . .

though sometimes you may stumble upon such tremendous imagery as that in *The Wife of Usher's Well*:

The cock doth crow, the day doth daw,
The channerin' worm doth chide;
 Gin we be missed out o' our place,
 A sair pain we maun bide.

where the youngest of the widow's three dead sons, come back to visit their mother, urges their return at the dawn, for the channering (fretting) worm complains of their absence from the grave. Beside that, the careful, hand-wrought figures of modern ballads are simply tawdry. The power of the old ballads is in their astounding vividness of concept; they saw what they tell you, they believed in it absolutely. The feebleness of the new is in their attempt to make external tricks take the place of the essential vision. There is one exception, *The Ancient Mariner*: perhaps opium made Coleridge atavistic.

Some few years ago all the world knew Kipling's ballads. (The writer confesses that in his callow youth he knew most of them by heart.) There were critics who said he had the authentic spirit of the Border songs. There were thousands of the uncritical who wrote "bluggy" imitations of him, and even tried to get them printed. In particular, the sort of "raw meat" quality of Kipling's work was lovingly dwelt upon as the very essence of balladry. Well, the old ballads were brutal enough, beyond question.

Why does your brand saw drop wi' blude,
 Edward, Edward?

is the rude opening to the story of a son's murdering his father at his mother's instigation: a story which comes to a close with his barbaric cry,

The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear,
 Mither, Mither;
 The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear;
 Sic counsels ye gave to me, O!

But they were the echoes of a half barbaric time. The men who sang them lived close to the rude earth, a wild, untamed life. Violence habited them in the blunt struggle of life. Their barbarism is pardonable because it was an ineluctable fact. The barbarism of Kipling and his followers irritates

(or amuses: according to one's bent) because it is a pose.

"Soldier, soldier, come from the wars,
I'll up and tend to my true love!"

"'E's lying on the dead with a bullet through 'is 'ead, an' you'd
best go look for a new love."

—if you take it seriously at all, might make you want to kick the man who wrote it. So might the perfectly silly swagger towards the close of *Gunga Din*:

So I'll meet 'im later on
At the place where 'e is gone—
Where it's always double drill and no canteen;
'E'll be squattin' on the coals
Givin' drink to poor damned souls,
And I'll get a swig in hell from Gunga Din!

Kipling's "red-bloodedness" usually takes the form of blasphemy, against either God or man. To say that he has the spirit of the Border balladists is an insulting burlesque. He reminds us of nothing so much as of the pale young men who sit by the ringside at an otherwise perfectly good prize-fight, and shout "Kill him! Beat his head off!" We do not know as much as we might wish of the old ballads. They are only gusty fragments of cries blown down the long winds of the world. But such as they are, they are precious to all who have ear for the epic song of men. Brusque and crude, mishandled by the centuries that have transmitted them to us, they are fine instances of the power of man to put the pulse of life into brave words; and they breed in us a great weariness for the mincing or the swaggering attempts to reproduce them.

W. T. KANE.

A LAMENT FOR THE PLOUGH

"Hate not laborious works, nor husbandry ordained by the most High."

—*Ecclus.* vii 16.

IN *G.K.'s Weekly* of June 18, 1927, I read:

On Friday, the 10th, at The Devereux, Commendatore Villari spoke on agricultural conditions in Italy. His speech was packed full of matter to the effect that Italy is at present in the throes of an agricultural revolution from which she is expected to emerge an all but self-supporting nation with a sufficient population happily settled on the land. Whether this is the first fruits of Fascism or merely a phase of a general European movement remained a matter for discussion.

This is surely a portent to arrest attention, for Italy at the moment is being urged "to fulfil her destiny as an Imperial State," a destiny which is wholly at variance with political evolution: the day of Empires, please God, is over. I love Italy too much to desire for her any such part in the world; her vocation I believe to be quite other and far nobler than that, a vocation in part indicated by her present agricultural revival, her return to a nobler and simpler way of life, to really human activities.

It is instructive to contrast with the above diagnosis the words of Earl Balfour, who, during the Great Strike of 1926, bewailed the possibility that "the industrial system itself may be utterly destroyed" and proceeded to state, with entire complacency and without any sense that he was describing an unfortunate condition of things, "we live on industry, and industry lives on credit and enterprise."¹

Very far from Italy, separated by other distances besides the geographical one, is a land that never played, and never coveted, the part of a Great Power, and here we find the same movement in a far more drastic form than would be possible at present in Italy.

In order to support the country's currency [wrote a press correspondent] the Government of Iceland has prohibited any imports after the end of March. This extraordinary action means that the Icelanders must return to Nature and live on their own resources . . . home-made shoes, manufactured from seal and walrus leather

¹ In *The British Gazette*, May 10, 1926.

. . . home-spun wool clothes. In short, the Icelanders have agreed, for their country's good, to revert to the type of life their ancestors led before the invention of machinery.¹

These convictions were once at home in England also, until from a variety of causes she became industrial and, as I think, in the process un-English, servile and pagan. The Luddites who destroyed machinery were, in their way, the true Conservatives! Their attitude, says a leading authority, was only that of former English governments, by whom "any substitute for the 'manufacture by hands and feet' was regarded as conducive to 'the final undoing of the industry concerned.' For this reason, the fulling-mill in 1482, the newly-invented gig-mill in 1551, and the tucking-mill in 1555 were discountenanced."²

Later still came "our coal-begotten greatness" as Ruskin called it, which has landed us in our present pass or *impasse*. On the discovery of coal, Mammon called in the aid of Moloch. Charles E. Lester, an American traveller, in his work "The Glory and the Shame of England" (1852), speaking of youthful and female workers in the English coal mines, says that "slavery in its most hideous form never equalled this, and the condition, physical as well as moral, of the most degraded bondsman may be esteemed exalted if compared with that of a free collier in England," (Vol. II., p. 339), and again in his 1876 edition claims that his descriptions "have since been outdone" by Parliamentary Reports (Vol. I., p. 126). Finally, he quotes as follows the comments of a London paper on a report laid before Parliament:—

The infernal cruelties practised upon boys and girls in the coal mines, those graves of comfort and virtue, have never in any age been outdone. We have sometimes read, with shuddering disgust, of the outrages committed upon helpless childhood by man, when existing in a state of naked savagery. We aver our belief, that in cold-blooded atrocity they do not equal what is going on from day to day in some of our coal mines.

It is a strange commentary on the moral blindness often induced by self-interest that this form of slavery, disguised as free-contract, was practised in England, when English

¹ *Catholic Bulletin*, Dublin, January, 1925, p. 32.

² Garnier: "Annals of the British Peasantry," p. 176.

humanitarians were all agog for the suppression of the hardly worse evils of the slave-trade. As the individualism of the Reformation developed, all restraint upon usury and covetousness was swept away. The world is beginning to realize this, and, indeed, even the "Reformers" themselves, Luther especially, complained that in proportion as their "Gospel" made headway, charity began to disappear. The dour hideousness of factorydom and the degradation of the worker was due to forgetfulness of his spiritual worth and destiny. As has often been said, from a "soul" he became a "hand."

Coleridge, the philosopher-poet, has some acute remarks, uttered in 1833, on the effect of machine production.

The wonderful power of machinery can, by multiplied production, render the mere *arte facta* of life actually cheaper; thus money and all other things being supposed the same in value, a silk gown is five times cheaper than in Queen Elizabeth's time; but machinery cannot cheapen, in anything like an equal degree, the immediate growths of nature or the immediate necessities of man. Now the *arte facta* are sought by the higher classes of society in a proportion incalculably beyond that in which they are sought by the lower classes; and therefore it is that the vast increase of mechanical powers has not cheapened life and pleasure to the poor as it has done to the rich. In some respects, no doubt, it has done so, as in giving cotton dresses to maid-servants, and penny gin to all. A pretty benefit truly!¹

A far greater mind and deeper thinker than the anti-Catholic "seer" of Highgate, Frederic Ozanam, has left behind a considered judgment upon the cult of material prosperity in this country, as exemplified in the national self-congratulation on occasion of the Great Exhibition of 1851.

I always seemed to see standing on the threshold of the Exhibition [he says] the same demon who transported Our Saviour to the top of the mountain, and to hear him saying again "All this will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me." It looks to me like a seal of reprobation on these riches that they do not serve to ameliorate the lot of humanity, the lot, that is, of the greater number, and that the most opulent city in the world is also that which treats its poor most harshly.²

¹ "Table Talk," ed. Morley, pp. 201-202.

² "Life," by Kathleen O'Meara, ed. 2, ch. xxiii., p. 360.

When the poet of the *Recessional* wrote "all our pomp of yesterday is one with Ninevah and Tyre," probably he did not look to see his words so soon fulfilled. What happiness, what blessing, has "all our pomp of yesterday," our pre-war industrial pre-eminence, brought us? With what instability and uncertainty has it not already overshadowed us? Surely, after all, they are to be envied, who, like the Swiss, are content with their own beautiful land and simple conditions of life. Agricola failed to extend Roman conquest far enough westwards to blot out "the very sight of liberty"; our industrialists failed to banish from our ken (if we could use our God-given eyes) the palpable blessedness of peasant communities. The author of a long-neglected but most thoughtful book has thus testified:

The gratuitous labour lavished on the farm can, either alone or in concert with neighbours, undertake permanent improvements, ruinous and impossible to the farmer who has to hire his workmen. The peasant proprietors of Languedoc push cultivation to the mountain-top, by carrying up the earth in baskets on their shoulders. In our damp northern climate, the land wants drainage. In the sunny south it wants irrigation. See the concerted system of irrigation and the miles of water meadows created by the combined labours of peasant proprietors in the French departments of the Vaucluse, and Bouches du Rhône, in Lombardy, Tuscany, Piedmont, Sienna, Lucca, and Bergamo, nay, even in the plain of Valencia, in the east of Spain. So, extensive practical systems of thorough drainage, inspired by the same energetic motives, and using the same cheap but invincible means, would not only improve the best lands, but reclaim bogs and morasses in England, Scotland and Ireland.¹

But the happiness and welfare of the multitudes in Scotland, South Wales, and Northern Ireland, were nothing to the purblind doctrinaires who destroyed the agriculture, and thereby drained the lifeblood, of their victim populations, while deafening the world with the blare of their own trumpets. They were the men, and wisdom should die with them! Unhappily, wisdom died when their lifework began, and, like the French Revolution, its coeval and kindred evil, the industrial one has gone its way round the world. A few thoughtful souls denounced the monster from the first, only

¹ Byles "Sophisms of Free Trade," 1904, ch. xxxv., pp. 354-5.

a few among the thoughtful now defend it. The French Revolution removed all the restrictions which Christian monarchy had placed upon Shylock. "By the Jewish race 1789 is therefore hailed as the year of deliverance."¹ Again, "whether we regard the 'capitalistic' system as an evil or not, we cannot deny that the Jews were mainly responsible for it."²

During the last century we were deluged with rhetoric about the tyranny of feudalism, but feudalism at its very worst was far less demoralizing and deadly than the present state of things. So at least thought the Socialist leader, Malon. "Feudalism signifies privilege, granted in return for certain duties agreed upon; *Judaized plutocracy* recognizes no duty, it has only one object, to appropriate the largest possible part of the work of others, and of the social accumulation, in order to use and abuse it selfishly."³ More scathing still is the indictment brought by Marx himself, not generally so well-inspired, against the industrial *bourgeoisie* which supplanted feudalism, tore asunder all kindly, all natural bonds,

destroyed all feudal, patriarchal and idyllic relations, wherever it gained power, and has left no tie twixt man and man but naked self interest and callous cash payment. It has drowned religious ecstasy, chivalrous enthusiasm, and middle-class sentimentality in the ice-cold water of egotistical calculation. It has transformed personal worth into mere exchange value, and substituted for countless dearly bought chartered freedoms, the one and only unconscionable freedom of Free Trade."⁴

Ruskin himself could hardly have said more. The whole dreary black-coated cult of respectability and general contempt of handiwork we owe to this fateful revolution, and the crowd to whom freedom was preached now sees freedom vanish without so much as heeding it, provided only it can hope for *panem et circenses*,—unwholesome white bread, canned beef, and mind-destroying, soul-corrupting "movies." Is it to be wondered at that thoughtful souls yearn for an escape, were it to a very Thebaid, and would rather have a bare crust under normal conditions, than affluence amid the din and glitter of machinedom?

With regard to Ireland, what lover of that land and

¹ Mrs. N. H. Webster: "World Revolution," 1921, p. 91.

² *Ibid.* p. 94.

³ Quoted, *ibid.* p. 91.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 90.

people can read without consternation of her present agricultural state, thus described in an editorial article in *The Cross* of October, 1926?—

The Report . . . also reveals the steady growth of the larger towns and cities at the expense of a depopulated countryside. The fresh fields and hillsides are being left deserted and untilled whilst the areas of our city slums are constantly being extended. Plague-spots, where vice and disease flourish, continue to spread their tentacles, octopus-like, whilst the health-giving, pastoral areas are given over once more to the beasts of the field . . . The gravity of this cannot be over-estimated . . . There must be something essentially rotten in the economic condition of a country like Ireland, which cannot apparently support a population of four millions of people, while smaller countries with fewer natural advantages are able to support populations almost double that size. Nor is there any mystery about the root cause of it all. In 1835 there were over 4,000,000 acres of land under the plough in Ireland, whereas last year only 2,000,000 acres were tilled. A country where tillage is decreasing must inevitably have a decreasing population.

The same process, with the addition of a devastating suicide of the race, is going on in France, now admitted and deplored by all her patriotic children and by friends without.¹ In Germany too, I gather, the *Landflucht* is still gravely prevalent, although the Catholic peasant proprietors are more stable than those of France and Ireland. In Russia, the new city populations furnish the seedplot of Bolshevism, while North America can afford little consolation at present to any who love beauty, peace or happiness, or any, we may add, who respect human dignity and elementary human rights. If Antichrist rules Russia, Mammon rules the United States with a rod of iron. Long ago, even the complacent "after-Christian" Emerson had misgivings.

What a debt is ours [he exclaimed] to that old religion which, in the childhood of most of us, still dwelt like a sabbath morning in the country of New England, teaching privation, self-denial and sorrow! A man was born, not for prosperity, but to suffer for the benefit of

¹ Consult, for instance, some candid, friendly and well-informed works by Mr. Denis Gwynn.

others, like the noble rock-maple which, all around our villages, bleeds for the service of man. Not praise, not man's acceptance of our doing, but the spirit's holy errand through us absorbed the thought. How dignified was this! How all that is called talents and success in our noisy capitals becomes buzzard din before this man-worthiness.¹

Besides such frightful portents as the Ku Klux Klan, the strange press-organized indifference to the agony of Mexico which marks the "liberty-loving" Republic of the New World to-day, should suffice to startle and alarm the mouthers of linotyped shibboleths. Unless we are to disbelieve her own wisest children, American industrialism is a very nightmare to all thoughtful souls, being in effect a pagan and repellent idolatry of Mammon, supported by a public opinion manufactured by his own machines. I know well that there is an eager Catholic minority, that this minority is by no means supine or slothful, but it has not yet been able to make head against the Puritanism which allows unlimited scope to Mammon-worship whilst tyrannizing over social habits.²

And not in America only. In Russia, Mexico, China, and other lands, it is just where commercialism has obtained a footing that the propagandists of atheistic revolution find an audience prepared to listen greedily to those who prate of "the dictatorship of the proletariat" but intend the absolute rule of Antichrist.

Happy then the example of those who have the courage to point out, and follow up in their lives, the way of escape, by the return to the despised but historically normal simplicities of right human life, hand agriculture and hand craftsmanship.

On any given farm in Switzerland or Bavaria, fifty years ago, [Ruskin tells us] the master and his servants lived, in abundance on the produce of their ground, without machinery. . . . It is not more than ten years since I saw in a farm shed near Thun, three handsome youths and three comely girls . . . threshing corn with a steady shower of timed blows as skilful in their cadence, —shall we literally say?—as the most exquisitely performed music, and as rapid as its swiftest notes. . . .

¹ "Method of Nature," Aug. 11th, 1841, in "Nature," London, 1857, p. 128.

² See a diagnosis of the disease and a suggested remedy in *THE MONTH*, December, 1926, pp. 512-13.

That is entirely healthy, happy and wise human life. Not a theoretical or Utopian state at all; but one which over large districts of the world has long existed, and must, thank God, in spite of British commerce and its consequences, for ever somewhere exist.¹

If simplicity brings happiness, and artificialism palpable unhappiness and discontent, is not the obvious conclusion that simplicity is a priceless good, to be wherever and whenever possible recovered by those who have lost it, cost the recovery what it may?

If my contention seems extravagant I may point that it is shared by not a few good judges. The eminent Jesuit, Father Ernest Hull, for instance, regards the modern rush as an insanity which "must be gone on with because we can never come to a *unanimous* agreement to give it up," and does not shrink from saying that "our modern civilization is merely a disguised and slow suicide of human kind"; the remedy can only come with a shock from without, either some "yellow peril" or the like, "or better still, some preternatural catastrophe which in one stroke will obliterate the whole of our civilization,"² and enable us to forget it and begin again. This language of a distinguished scholar is, I submit, as emphatic as any I have used.

The pagan poet Propertius uttered a warning which the modern pagans are too blind to heed. "Gold has hounded out faith, gold makes a market of right and wrong; the law runs after gold, and, the law once gone, cleanness of heart soon goes the same way. . . . I will pronounce my message, and oh, that my country might take me for a true diviner!—Proud Rome is breaking beneath her own prosperity. This is a sure truth I speak, but I find no credit."³

Events, however, inevitably bring conviction to the most stubborn of the thoughtlessly or wilfully blind, and those events are quickly unfolding.

H. E. G. ROPE.

¹ Fors, xlv.

² "Archaic Religions," 1913, pp. 131-2.

³ "Elegiacs," 111. 13, J. S. Phillimore's Translation, 1906, pp. 118-9.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

THE CONSISTENCY OF BISHOP BARNES.

AFTER proclaiming himself in the pulpit of Westminster Abbey on September 25th a follower not of St. Paul but of Charles Darwin, the rationalist Bishop of Birmingham on October 6th proceeded in his own cathedral city to denounce the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist, in words which combine contempt of those who believe in it with a crude misunderstanding of their belief. In this Dr. Barnes is running true to form: he is by far the most consistent prelate on the Anglican Bench. Some seven years ago, when Canon of Westminster, in the course of a sermon at the Cardiff meeting of the British Association, Dr. Barnes declared that modern scientific "investigation and speculation" had made it necessary for "Christian thinkers" to abandon the doctrine of the Fall and the arguments deduced from it by theologians "from St. Paul downwards." One remembers the scare-heads of the evening-papers at the time, for the "Modern Churchmen," with their evisceration of fundamental Christian doctrine, were not as yet very prominent. The scare-heads, anyhow, did not frighten Mr. MacDonald, the Labour Premier, for four years later he made the outspoken Canon, Bishop of Birmingham, and thus provided him with a higher platform from which to attack the Christian faith. At the Abbey he was simply rehearsing his familiar piece, as he had often done before. There was nothing new in it. The student of contemporary Anglicanism can always tell what this particular Anglican is going to say before he opens his mouth. Some fundamental Christian doctrine will be assailed, or perhaps a number. With the Fall, in this case, disappears the Incarnation and Redemption—those "Pauline" doctrines—and, of course, the Divinity of Christ. The infallibility of the Bible our Bishop has long ago discarded: from his pamphlet, "Freedom and Authority," we learn that there is no infallible book, or infallible creed, or infallible institution. "By the processes of the mind alone can we reach knowledge." No one is such a determined advocate of private judgment. Why, then, one may ask in passing, the Bishop's intolerance of the "Anglo-Catholic" who believes in the supernatural, and of the Evangelical who believes in the Scriptures, and of the benighted Papist who believes in One Holy Catholic Apostolic Church? Why, indeed? One must only ascribe it to a sublime self-confidence in his own judgment, which itself may be the product of an incapacity to understand the strength of other convictions, or indeed of ignorance of their existence.

In his ingenuous "Open Letter to the Archbishop of Canter-

bury " (*The Times*, October 20,) Dr. Barnes admits that it was his experience, as Master of the Temple, of faith shaken by the war, that lead him to recast, in terms of what he calls modern science, the traditional beliefs of his church. He was "encouraged to read widely"—the poor man!, and seems to have been overwhelmed by the accumulated evidence supporting the theory of evolution. Unmindful of the provisional character of scientific hypotheses, and pushing his inferences far beyond their lawful bases, he now constantly asseverates that "all competent scientific men" admit the descent of man, body and soul, from some primitive vertebrate who was also the ancestor of the ape. He apparently gets this comforting universal assent by excluding from the lists of the "competent" all scientific men who find that that conclusion goes far beyond the evidence. There is no arguing with bigotry of that kind: all that we can hope is that the Bishop, who in these matters is a layman like the rest of the non-expert world, may one day extend his reading—and broaden his mind.

We may notice that it is common form with these Modernists to assume that Christian dogma is in some way based upon the phenomena of Nature, and therefore must be affected when these phenomena are variously interpreted. The Copernican astronomy, by emphasizing the fact of the earth's comparative minuteness and ex-centricity, is supposed in some way to have shattered the fabric of pre-Copernican theology. Yet there is nothing material in the speculative theology of the great mediæval doctor, St. Thomas, which the student to-day finds incapable of adjustment with the facts of science. Similarly, the theory of evolution, when kept within the limits imposed by science itself, does not cause the orthodox Catholic theologian, in full possession of the age-long tradition of the Church, to turn a hair. Bishop Barnes says that the Reformation theology was fashioned before Copernicus and Darwin and, therefore, must now be recast. We cannot say how far that is true, simply because, outside the Church, the sects have never had any stable or consistent theological system: their creeds comprise merely a chaos of individual opinions, chosen as Dr. Barnes chooses his, by the exercise of personal reason. Nothing is, therefore, more likely than that such opinions should vary as the mind varies which conceives them, but that the variation should always proceed in the direction of fuller truth assumes that the mind can only assimilate truth and is always correct in its judgments. Presumably, Dr. Barnes himself once believed in the Fall, trusting, maybe, to the Scripture record: now, he thinks the theory of evolution true, and, not seeing how it can be reconciled with Genesis, pronounces the latter a myth. He has nothing but reason to guide him, a dim-sighted, vague and unstable guide at best, but he is using the only final criterion recognized by his Church. It is not, we think, for his Church to blame him.

The Bishop's defence, as against his own Church authorities or critics, in respect to his denunciation of "Sacramental falsehood," is even more cogent, although, on the other hand, in the Catholic view, he displays an even greater misunderstanding of true sacramental doctrine than he does of human origins. He put forward as an excuse for his polemics at Birmingham, which have caused such commotion, the strange plea that "the English Church would break in pieces unless unity as to Sacramental doctrine could be reached"—a strange plea, in the mouth of a prelate of that "comprehensive" Church which makes a boast of the fact that contradictory doctrines on almost any subject can be "loyally" held by her members.¹ It would seem, however, that many of her children see in this boast of comprehensiveness a covert admission that she has no certain teaching to transmit: anyhow, Modernists like our Bishop, Evangelicals like Bishop Knox, and a few consistent "Anglo-Catholics" are always trying to make their 'doxy prevail over other 'doxies, and to insist that the Church of England stands for this, that or the other *definitely*. Accordingly Bishop Barnes will have it that, according to genuine Anglican doctrine, there is no change, physical or spiritual, in the Eucharistic Elements owing to being "consecrated." Chemical tests show the consecrated bread to be still bread: if there is any spiritual difference, where is the evidence for it? Accordingly, all worship shown to the elements whether at communion or after is, frankly, idolatry.² In answer to the protests of several of his brother Bishops, Dr. Barnes could find in the famous "Black Rubrick," (which appears as black as ever in the Composite Book though not in the alternative communion service), complete justification for his view, and he has not been slow to claim it. The Black Rubrick in emphatic terms asserts that Christ ought not to be adored in the Eucharist, for the simple and sufficient reason that He is not there.—"For the Sacramental Bread and Wine remain still in their very natural substances, and therefore may not be adored: (for that were idolatry to be abhorred of all faithful Christians;) and the natural Body and Blood of our Saviour Christ are in Heaven and not here." The whole purport of the rubric is to prevent the kneeling attitude of the recipients from being taken as adoration; consequently, it cannot be held that Anglican theory considers that at any rate

¹ Let us recall that priceless utterance of Bishop Hensley Henson of Durham—"How could the Church of England exercise her comprehensiveness, so rightly valued, if profound disagreements did not exist amongst her members? *It is the duty of us Bishops to maintain this characteristic of our Church!*"

² The Bishop has less charity than the great hearted Johnson whose answer to Boswell charging Catholics with idolatry in the Mass is so well known: "Sir, there is no idolatry in the Mass. Roman Catholics believe God to be there, and they adore Him."

the divine Spirit of Christ is somehow present, and calls for worship. Christ is the God-man, the Deity united in the Person of God the Son with a complete human nature; therefore, if His Body and Blood are absent from the Eucharist then He Himself is not present, and the material substances of bread and wine cannot be given divine honour.

It would seem, then, that, despite the glosses of the "Anglo-Catholics," this rubric supports Dr. Barnes's attitude towards the Anglican Eucharist. But, characteristically, he does not, either in his sermon or his "open letter," base his doctrine upon that formula, but rather on what he has read about comparative religion. He swallows Sir James Frazer with as little effort as it cost him to swallow Darwin. On the strength of his scientific "faith" he refuses belief in our Lord's words. Christ says—this is My Body: no, says Dr. Barnes—this is nothing but bread. That he should happen to be right as regards the Anglican sacrament, does not absolve him from the usual Protestant error of preferring reason to faith. The heretic throughout all time has found "this saying hard." Nor does his justification of himself show any real knowledge of the true Catholic doctrine. He is correct enough in holding that transubstantiation is rejected by Anglican formularies, but wholly wrong in tracing the doctrine to "magico-religious beliefs of a lower cultural level than that of our present civilization." The doctrine is derived directly from Christ, who gave to His Apostles what in appearance was bread but in reality, as He Himself said, was His Body. The appearances of bread, therefore, shrouded another substance. The Catholic doctrine is merely a fuller development of our Lord's assertion, in terms of a clear and consistent physical theory. But whatever the terms used may be, the facts must be as Christ stated them and as His Church has interpreted them. In the positive history of the development of Eucharistic doctrine in the Church, there is no trace of that infiltration of magical cults, of which Dr. Barnes (or Sir James Frazer) appears to know so much. We may respectfully wonder whether in the Bishop's library, along with the many volumes of the "Golden Bough," there is an edition of the Christian Fathers. Certainly there seems to be no knowledge of Christian tradition in this matter at his disposal.

It would appear, after all, that Dr. Barnes has offended most of his Anglican critics not so much by what he said as by the manner of his utterance. As on the occasion of his sermon at Cardiff on the Fall a clergyman wrote to *The Times* (Sept. 11, 1920):—"There is nothing in his discourse, as he would be the first to confess, that has not been said over and over again from many pulpits, and that may not be found set out in plain terms in easily accessible books and journals by theological writers whose loyalty to Christianity no one would impugn," so in this case his opponents generally complain, not of his doctrine but

rather of his want of episcopal impartiality and of the insulting terms in which he speaks of Anglican beliefs other than his own. He sins, in fact, against the one note of the Anglican Church to which she can truly lay claim and which no one should dispute—her comprehensiveness. This is the complaint of Professor C. H. Turner and of Bishop Gore in *The Times* (Oct 18th and 20th respectively), whilst Dr. Bethune Baker, asserting on behalf of his fellow-modernists (*The Times*, Oct. 15th) that "a vast number of convinced Christians and devoted English Churchmen are with the Bishop of Birmingham at heart," urges a *tu quoque*, viz., that his school are equally offended by the language used by Anglican believers in the Real Presence. One cannot help feeling that if Dr. Barnes would only practise in his utterances the discretion displayed by another rationalist Bishop, Dr. Gore, he might say what he wished. But he professes himself in his *Apologia* a plain, blunt man who must say what he thinks and cannot mince his words.

The scene in St. Paul's on Sunday, October 16th, when the Bishop, standing in the pulpit ready to preach, was solemnly denounced as a heretic by Canon Bullock-Webster, rector of a neighbouring parish, could only, we fancy, be witnessed in a body which has no common standard of orthodoxy and no efficacious means of discipline. The Canon appealed to the Anglican authorities to try Dr. Barnes "in respect of these alleged heretical and profane utterances and, if he be found guilty, forthwith to depose him and cast him out of the Church of God," but the Bishop need fear no trial for heresy, and, by his adroit letter of exculpation, has forestalled any reproof on the score of doctrine. He may, perhaps, be censured for his lapse into the language, or something faintly like it, of the English reformers regarding the Sacrament they hated, but on Protestant principles he is justified in interpreting both the Bible and the formularies of his church according to his own lights, and no one can consistently say him nay. "No man," he cries, "shall drive me to Tennessee or to Rome." No man, he might have added, will drive him out of Birmingham, least of all his kind-hearted Metropolitan, who, in his answer to the Bishop's *Apologia*, gently implied that, instead of being a voice crying in an obscurantist desert, he was surrounded by many of his brethren, and that respect for the great divines of his Church should lead him to tolerate other views. The Archbishop's letter does not mend matters as far as Anglicans are concerned. If Dr. Barnes's Fall-doctrine is tolerable, then the whole Incarnation theology is swept away, and the human soul is not the direct creation of God. And if Dr. Barnes is admonished for not respecting the beliefs of the Caroline divines, why is he not blamed for rejecting the beliefs of St. Paul?

J.K.

RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF MEDIÆVAL GILDS.

IN the "conspiracy against truth" in which many school history-books still have a part, the only aspect of mediæval Gilds as a rule emphasized is, for the Catholic boy or girl, the least important one—the economic aspect. The pupil learns all about the hours of work, the training of apprentices, and the quality and price of goods. Of all this probably the only fact that really sticks in the child's mind is that, in those days, punishment was made to fit the crime, so that, *e.g.*, the butcher who sold bad meat had that commodity burnt under his nose as he stood in the pillory. Beyond this the pupil learns that many Gilds grew wealthy and that their property was sequestered to the Crown in the reign of Edward VI. He may be so little individualistic as to consider that sequestration not altogether amiss, since superfluous riches are the root of many social evils. In any case, he certainly would not imagine that of all the plunderings which throw discredit upon the Reformers, the spoliation of the Gilds was the very meanest and most inexcusable. Yet this is a fact, and the reason for it may be simply stated. Our Catholic forefathers were robbed indeed of material riches, but, much more, of spiritual goods for which those riches were intended to provide. For mediæval Gilds had, as well as an economic aspect, a social and religious one; they were benefit clubs and religious confraternities; most of them included among their objects the founding of a hospital, almshouse or school, and the upkeep of bridges and highways; while some existed for no other purpose but that of promoting the growth of God's worship and increasing the number of services and means of grace for the whole community.

It was characteristic of the religious spirit of the Middle Ages that when any unwonted distress occurred in the community, men banded together to alleviate it. For a period such organizations were purely religious, like the Mendicant Orders and the *Fratres Pontifices*¹, but after a while, so well had the Church taught her children, the people themselves began to cope with the social and spiritual needs of their day. Hence the fifteenth century, far from being religiously decadent, as is sometimes asserted, was one of intense spiritual vitality. Gilds, which in this century multiplied, were fraternities for mutual help and comfort in sickness, old age, poverty, unjust imprisonment, and

¹ "Bridge Friars." A religious fraternity of the 12th century which undertook the construction of bridges, roads, hydraulic works, embankments, and all that appertained to the safety of travellers in passing over rivers. Their work spread into several countries of Europe until the secrets of their art were learnt in the 13th century and laymen began to take their place. See *Recherches historiques sur les congrégations hospitalières des frères pontifes* (M. Grégoire. Paris, 1818.)

losses by fire and shipwreck. But all had a religious basis. They put themselves under the name and protection of the Holy Trinity or of some saint, and once a year, at least, took measures to have special services in church, which all the members attended, habited in their Gild livery. Every Gild made much of the burial of its members. Tapers were provided, generally five, and four torches. If the member died outside the city within ten miles, the body was met and carried in. All members had to attend in livery at the dirge on the day before, and at the requiem on the day of the funeral, under penalty of a fine, generally a pound of wax. Thirty masses, and in some cases as many as three trentals (cycles of thirty), were commonly arranged for out of the common funds for the soul of the deceased member.¹

Professor Ashley, the well-known historian of economics, is at pains to point out that almost all the Gilds in the later Middle Ages, whether connected with crafts or not, were primarily religious in purpose.² There were many instances where the religious fraternity, though composed chiefly of men of a particular craft, was quite distinct from the machinery for the supervision of the trade; so distinct that it is not uncommon to find two or more fraternities within the same craft. Thus, in the will of a skinner of London, dated 1439, we read, "I bequeath to the brotherhood of my craft of Corpus Christi, to the common box thereof, 6s. 8d., and to the common box of the brotherhood of Our Lady in my craft, 6s. 8d."³ It is evident also, from the general tenor of the Act of Spoliation of 1545, that all the institutions aimed at were fundamentally of a religious character.

The Gild of the Lord's Prayer at York may be mentioned as a typical example. At some date unknown, but before the year 1387, a Miracle Play of the Lord's Prayer had been performed in York, in which all manner of vices were held up to scorn and the virtues held up to praise. The play met with so great favour that a Gild was founded for the purpose of keeping up its annual performance. This Gild had the usual charitable and religious features; but, besides, the members were bound to illustrate in their lives the scorn of vice and the praise of virtue, which were the objects of the play, and to shun company and business which were unworthy. The Gild maintained a candelabrum of seven lights⁴ to hang in York Minster, to be lighted on all Sundays and feast days, in token of the seven supplications of the Lord's

¹ Many examples in Toulmin Smith, *English Gilds*. See e.g., 67, 69, 71, 74.

² W. J. Ashley, *English Economic History*, Vol. I, part ii, pp. 136-143.

³ *Fifty English Wills*, ed. Furnival (E.E.T.S.), 143.

⁴ Some Gilds expressly declared their object to be the maintenance of a light before such and such an altar, e.g., *Eng. Gilds*, 14, 15, 17, 67, and frequently.

Prayer, to the honour and glory of Almighty God. The members also maintained a tablet, showing the whole meaning and use of the Our Father, hanging against a pillar near the candelabrum.

The stimulus to good behaviour, observable in the York Statutes, was common to all Gilds. Everyone who wished to be admitted to membership was required to be of good character; if a brother became a common brawler or a thief, he was either fined or expelled. Strict etiquette was to be observed at the morn-speech,¹ and peaceable, civil conduct at the feasts was strictly enforced. It was the duty of the Gild to reconcile members who had quarrelled, and not until this was tried might the disputants go to law. If the member persisted, he might do so, but he had to pay his Gild a fine.

It is usual to find in connection with the religious aspect of Gilds what the records call "Services." These were very similar to Chantries; but while the chief object of the latter was to obtain prayers for the departed, and it was only incidentally that they supplied additional opportunities for Divine worship, the "Service" was intended specially to maintain an additional and a grander public ceremonial, while prayers for the founders and benefactors were only a minor incident of the foundation. The "Service" might be the Holy Mass or special devotions. Thus, in Wakefield Church the parishioners ordained a "morrow mass" at 5 a.m. for all servants and labourers in the parish. A similar "Service" was said at 4.30 a.m. every day at Pontefract by a chaplain who also surveyed the mending of the highways. At Our Lady's altar in Rotherham Church, "divers well-disposed persons" founded a chaplaincy to sing "mass of Our Lady every Saturday at eight o'clock."

The endowed "Service" was often under the name of the Saint to whom the devotions were paid, e.g., Our Lady's "Service," St. Anne's, St. Catherine's, St. John's, the Rood, the Trinity, etc.; sometimes, also, like some of the chantries, they are recorded under a surname (probably the founder's), as, e.g., at Bristol, William's "Service," Foster's, Pollard's, Jones's, Forthey's.

The cause of this zeal on the part of our Catholic forefathers is clear enough from a study of the times. With the general increase of the population there was a tendency, as in our own days, to move from the country villages into the great towns. Here the vicar of the one parish church was often quite unable to cope with the needs of an increasing flock. The Gilds, therefore, by providing two, three, or half-a-dozen chaplains, with singing boys, to conduct devotions in the parish church, were clearly providing for a more dignified service than the vicar and his clerk could offer; the *Servicia*, called by the name of this or that saint, seem to have been intended to multiply the number

¹ Meeting of the Gild, held in the morning.

of services for the greater convenience of the people. The Gilds supplemented the work of a too small, under-paid and over-worked clergy by providing for their own and their neighbours' spiritual welfare. All this was destroyed by the robber Government of Edward VI., and non-Catholic school-historian generally condone the robbery.

N. DOYLE.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

Anti-Christ in Russia and Mexico.

That the formal abandonment and overthrow of Christianity is immediately followed by the collapse of civilization is a truth so evident as not to need proof. For civilization as the world knows it is the product of Christian principles controlling human pride and passion by the revelation of an all-loving Father and an all-seeing Judge. Left to reason alone the human spirit could not rise out of the moral corruption of paganism, the abominations of which no achievements of art or literature could disguise. But there are those amongst us who are constantly attacking Christian principles—sanctity of conscience, freedom of worship, the right to possess, the integrity of the family, in general the social and religious virtues enjoined in the Decalogue—unwarned by the past lessons of history and, more curious still, by the present spectacle of the collapse of Christianity in Russia and Mexico. Of Russia we in this country have heard not a little. *Proximus ardet*. Our material interests, at any rate, are apt to be affected by the poisonous economics of the Marxian tyrants. But of the worse persecution of the Christian ideal, which for several years has been raging in Mexico, only our faithful Catholic papers carry tidings, and for that reason the man in the street has either never heard of it or considers it merely a "Catholic grievance" which concerns no one else. At present the preliminary incidents of a Presidential election, which under the Calles tyranny takes the form of civil war, win brief mention in the secular press. The capture and execution, in large numbers, of the opponents of the present régime form interesting news-items: the material destruction of the Mexican Catholic Church, the penalizing of her sacred functions, the savage torture and martyrdom of multitudes of her members, for some strange reason, escapes reprobation and even mention. The phenomenon is more remarkable in the United States, and Catholic papers there have, time and again, called attention to the practical condonation by the American secular press of the appalling iniquities of the Calles assault on Christianity.

**The Silence
of the Secular
Press.**

There are exceptions, we believe : there actually seems to be an awakening of the American public conscience in this matter. The *New York Times* of Oct 2nd printed a full page article on the problems occupying the Holy Father, amongst which was prominent the religious conditions in Mexico. The writer, Mr. Michael Williams, editor of a Catholic literary weekly, *The Commonweal*, had actually the privilege of conveying a message from the Pope to the American public regarding the Mexican persecution, a message which *The Times* sets forth in full, without, however, committing itself to belief in the facts which it states. In it the Holy Father appeals to the American press as the most potent instrument for making the truth known,—the existence of a deliberate attempt to destroy Christianity pursued with a brutality to which even the Roman emperors were strangers. Perhaps the fact that the Mexican Labour Party, which goes by the initials C.R.O.M., has violently protested against the attempts made by the Calles Government to favour Protestantism at the expense of the Catholic faith, may gain the publicity which the Pope desires and help to expose the alliance between the persecutor and proselytizers of the baser sort, who are using American money to pervert the persecuted. It is the Pope's conviction,—and he has means of knowing far more sure than other rulers possess,—that Calles is working hand in hand with the Bolsheviks. Since American diplomacy has consistently refused official recognition of the Soviet Government, this fact also should help public opinion in the States to take a right view of the disturbance on their borders. But to the press, there as here, is due the apathy with which nations, still professing a Christian standard, view the most desperate endeavour this age has witnessed to destroy Christianity.

**The Pope's
Teaching on
Peace.**

The Papacy, which during the famine in Russia maintained there a special mission of relief, has probably had more prolonged connection with the Soviet Government than any other Power has maintained, yet it has never disguised its abhorrence of Bolshevik principles. As these are the negation of God and Christianity, no other attitude was possible. There can be no fellowship of light with darkness. Yet, these principles are professed all over the world by people who are not Russians. All who assail the stability of the family, whether by advocating divorce or birth-prevention, all who aim, like our atheistical scientists, at suppressing the idea of God, all evil livers whose actions make mock of the Christian creed, the many preachers, in literature or the drama, of pagan immorality,—all these, although poles apart from the Bolsheviks in mere economic matters, are one with them in the more fundamental questions of ethics. Occasionally, as now in

Mexico, these miscreants seize political power and fill some particular country with crime and misery, but their evil work is being done in many a comfortable study, in many a respectable journal, in many a fashionable assembly. Those who are not for Christ are against Him. Will the world ever come to realize that Christianity is not simply one way out of a dozen of reaching peace and happiness, but that it is the only way? that there is no other name under Heaven in which man, individually or in community, can be saved? The Pope, as Mr. Williams points out, has insisted on this since the beginning of his reign. His great inaugural Encyclical *Ubi Arcano* (1922) analysed the moral evils of post-war society, and showed that true and lasting peace is impossible except "in the Kingdom of Christ," that is, by the observance of the Christian law. His Encyclical, *Quas Primas*, establishing the feast of "Christ the King," issued three years later, develops and emphasizes this idea with a force and eloquence which had its effect beyond the Church's visible boundaries. Thus incomparably the highest and most respected spiritual power in the world, has not left the world in ignorance of what makes for its welfare—the abandonment of war as a foolish, barbarous and unChristian method of settling international disputes, and the rejection of those atheistic principles which came into vogue in the nineteenth century and found a bitter and disastrous issue in the twentieth, both in the Great War and the fierce international rivalries which are its aftermath.

**The
Persistence of the
War Mind.**

It is obvious that not all the nations which signed the Covenant of the League of Nations realized from the first all to which they were committed by its letter. They did not, and they do not, understand that the primary object of the Covenant is, as the first words of its preamble say, "to accept obligations not to resort to war," that is, to put war out of count as an instrument of policy, as a means of securing national interest. Every time an attempt has been made to define more closely and make more universal those obligations, this country, amongst others, has reacted violently. Lord Cecil's "Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance" and Mr. MacDonald's "Protocol" were attempts to put reality into somewhat vague engagements. Great Britain had the greatest share in turning them both down. During the September Assembly, the "struggle for peace" continued with unabated vigour, and, by avoiding the use of the word "Protocol," the main idea of that document—the outlawry of aggressive war and the rejection of war as a means of settling international quarrels—was unanimously approved. There are those who look upon such resolutions as useless, mere ebullitions of impracticable idealism; but surely it is something to have an ideal set down in black and white, and to have a universal engagement to aim at

it. The sketch must precede the finished picture. However, the completion of the picture cannot wait. In the present state of the world those who are not working for peace are working for war. Even on the ears of Catholics—to judge by the comparative indifference of our Press—the Pope's ringing Encyclicals have fallen in vain. Catholics here are not to the fore in the Peace movement, although the Church as well as the Commonwealth has everything to gain from the suppression of unChristian nationalism. Our Statesmen have over and over declared that peace is the supreme interest of the British Commonwealth, yet such is Government attitude and action that neither the Continent nor America believes in our sincerity. The Three-Power Naval Conference broke down because America was convinced that Great Britain sought an unfair naval preponderance. Some act or at least some proposition which does not make for immediate British interests is necessary to dispel that conviction.

**Vain Fears
for
the Dominions.**

The trouble arises from the two-fold character of Great Britain as a European Power and as the centre of a world-wide federation. Sir Austen Chamberlain honestly confessed the dilemma.

He would have worked in the interests of European peace, if only he could be sure of the endorsement of the Dominions, whose foreign policy Great Britain no longer claims to direct. But to adopt a policy from which one or other of the Dominions should stand out would tend to disrupt the Commonwealth. In plain words, the supposed interests of the Federation as a whole must take precedence of the particular interests of Great Britain as one of the European States. The only way out of the dilemma is to prove that there is no such diversity of interest. Peace by treaty and guarantee is as much the interest of New Zealand as it is of the home country, and the more such treaties and guarantees are multiplied under the sanction of the League, the more completely remote will become the possibility of the Dominions being involved in a war for ends that do not immediately concern them. The Naval Conference proved abortive because of the assumed necessity of protecting the Dominions from attack, and maintaining free connection with them, by armed force. A scheme of general disarmament under League guarantees would give greater security by practically abolishing the means of assault.

Meanwhile, to judge by the party meetings, neither Government nor Opposition seems alive to the fact that our future prosperity or even existence depends on the abolition of war. The Conservatives at Cardiff made no mention of the need of promoting and consolidating international peace, but were mainly concerned with comparatively trivial domestic measures. The Labour Party, at Blackpool, although blaming the Government for its lukewarmness in the cause, were themselves pre-occupied with mere details

of taxation. The one grim fact of which the word taxation should remind all thinking persons is that fourteen shillings out of every pound in our enormous budget is taken to pay for past wars and to prepare for future wars. A sordid appeal for economy? No, a plea for common sense, for the waste of this expenditure chokes a thousand schemes for the material and moral resurrection of the masses.

**How
the Labour Party
handicaps itself.**

The best ideals which form the inspiration of Socialism—the longing for social justice, the desire for the well-being of the multitude, the reform of the abuses of wealth, the abolition of destitution and wage-slavery—are all Christian in their origin and essence, and attract a number of Christians to a party which makes of them its most prominent aim. But when that party is seen to advocate dubious or immoral means to attain those ends, or pursues other objects with which they are incompatible, Christians are repelled rather than attracted. It has been the fate and the folly of the Labour Party, ever since it attained political prominence to obscure all that is generous and desirable in its programme by false economic theories, by irreligious projects, and, most of all, by association with the open enemies of Christianity at home and abroad. It has thrown up no leader, powerful and clear-sighted enough to free his movement from such misguided and anarchical elements and, in consequence, though its stand for social justice should rally to its support all the wage-earners of the country, the great majority of its own class still stand outside its ranks. Its failure to see in Bolshevism a tyranny even less justifiable and much more atrocious than the corrupt bureaucracy it replaced, has damned it from the first in the eyes of the thoughtful. Even now, after nine years acquaintance with that Jew-led clique, oppressors rather than champions of the workers, it sends, or allows to go, a deputation from its ranks to join in celebrating the anniversary of the Russian revolution. Naturally, decent working-folk keep clear of the associates of such criminals. On the other hand, the Labour party, under logical pressure brought to bear by Catholic members, rejected by an enormous majority (2,885,000 votes to 275,000) a proposal that it should countenance the iniquity of birth-prevention; just as some years ago, under the same influences the Trade Union Congress eliminated secular education from its programme. So there are hopes that by degrees Labour leaders may realize that they will get all they legitimately want by seeking first—or, at any rate, by not ignoring, the Kingdom of God and His justice.

**The Action
Française still
contumacious.**

Every now and then, the condemnation of some book or paper by the Catholic authorities in France remind us that the pestilent activities of the *Action Française* continue, in spite of its condemnation by the Vicar of Christ, to injure the Church and

scandalize the faithful everywhere. Travellers in France report that people otherwise exemplary in their lives still defy the lawful directions of the Pope and the Hierarchy, obsessed it may be by an overblown nationalism, or persuaded that His Holiness, in spite of his repeated declarations, has been deceived by the enemies of France. This inexcusable attitude on the part of certain French Catholics gives, no doubt, a measure of the intensity of their previous conviction that the welfare of Catholicism was somehow bound up with the policies of the *Action Française*, in spite of the ill-fame, in respect both to faith and morals, of its accredited leaders. We can only hope that in time they will learn to dissociate politics from religion, and to judge the tree by its fruits. The teaching of M. Maurras explicitly repudiated the Kingship of Christ and paid homage to a sort of deified abstraction called "Country." At a time when the sorest need of Church and World is international peace, founded on justice and charity, he preached, as he still preaches, international hatred. Anything more obviously from the Pit than such doctrine can hardly be imagined, yet apparently it has managed to deceive some at least of the elect. However, in *La Documentation Catholique* for October 22nd there is collected a very instructive *dossier* of recent pronouncements on the subject which show a widespread submission to the Pope's ruling on the part of various organizations, some with such uncompromising titles as "Les étudiants Catholiques royalistes de Toulouse," and the "Comités royalistes du Cher." On the other hand the *dossier* gives indications of the intransigence of many Catholic notables who ought to appreciate better the entire independence of the Church of any political system. We find recorded the despicable advice of a high royalist official given to members of the A.F. to cease co-operating, either personally or by contributions, in Catholic good works until the Pope's ban should be removed. As long ago as 1892, Pope Leo XIII. saw, in the inveterate royalist proclivities of many French Catholics the main cause of the weakness of the Church in France in the face of anti-clericalism, and recommended in the interests of religion a change of policy. The present crisis which has brought to light the un-Catholic principles, which under the guise of patriotism were corrupting the minds of many Catholics, will perhaps make clearer the wisdom of the great Pope's advice.¹

**Nature and Genesis
of
L'Action Française.**

Those who would learn to what incredible lengths the preaching of immoral political doctrine by means of the *Action Française* had gone may be referred to a series of temperate and well-documented articles by M. l'Abbé Alphonse Lugan

¹ What can be said for the adherents of the *Action Française*, duped by their clever leaders and provoked by those enemies of God and man, the French Freemason lodges, may be read in Mr. Maurice Wilkinson's article in *The Christian Democrat*, Oct. 1927.

printed in *The Catholic World* of May, June and July of this year and soon, we believe, to be published in book form. Therein, the origin, the objects, the methods and the history of this militant organization are set forth with calm but merciless objectivity. It was born amid the passions aroused by the Dreyfus affair in 1899 being in a sense both effect and occasion of the persecutions to which the French Church was then subjected. But, Catholic champion though it posed as being, it had Catholic critics from the first and Abbé Lugan himself exposed the essential paganism of Maurras in a book published in 1909. Yet many Catholics, even amongst the clergy, were unwilling to see anything bad in this fierce foe of the persecuting Republic, whose brilliant pen won many logical victories over those in power whilst only accentuating their anti-clericalism. By 1910, as we now know, the Roman authorities had condemned the philosophy of Maurras, but for reasons of policy had not published the condemnation. Then came the War, when by exploiting the national feeling, the *Action Française* identified itself with the extremist patriotism and became the leader of the Jingoistic French whose policy has so long delayed the process of reconciliation. It captured nearly all the Catholic press and many of the younger *littérateurs*, who tried to turn into an æsthetic cult the grand all-embracing Catholicism of the Gospels. More than any other single influence, more even than the Masonic persecutions, this perverting of the Catholic ideal, this identification of Catholicism with national glory, this turning of politics into religion, and religion into a racial boast, has operated to alienate or keep alienated the hearts of multitudes of Frenchmen from the Church. Catholicism should be preoccupied, not with political schemes for national or international aggrandizement, but with the spiritual and corporal works of mercy, and with preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom on the lines indicated by the present Pope—charity, forgiveness, justice, peace. The Abbé does not hesitate to say that "for twenty-five years *L'Action Française* has had a strangle hold on French Catholicism," and he shows how widespread was its influence in the Catholic press which, let us hope in ignorance of his principles, idolized and idealized Maurras the atheist, and, with even less excuse, condoned by their silence the vile novels of his colleague, M. A. Daudet.¹ Happily, the saner elements of French Catholicism are concentrating in greater numbers round the National Federation of General Castelnau, the programme and policy of which proves that Catholic moral philosophy provides a foundation wide and stable enough for the defence of all Catholic rights and the promotion of all Catholic activities.

¹ How anti-Catholicism can pervert understanding is well shown by *Blackwood's* comments on the A.F. crisis, severely but fairly castigated by *The Tablet* of Oct. 22, p. 52.

**Fianna Fail
becomes
Constitutional.**

It would seem that our surmise regarding the view which Mr. de Valera and his party took of the oath exacted from members of the Dail in virtue of the Treaty, was only not a correct one because no oath was taken at all. The Fianna Fail deputies were allowed simply to sign the declaration without any attestation of the Deity or use of the Gospels, and, in view of their previous assertion that they did not regard this as formally an oath and that they did not intend to swear to what they had signed, they cannot with any fairness be said to have perjured themselves. And as for the solemn promise of allegiance they made to the Constitution, that means no more than that they will henceforth pursue their political aims within the limits of that Constitution,—just as the British Republican M.P. by his Parliamentary oath undertakes to advocate his republicanism constitutionally. This is the view of the matter taken generally in Ireland, and it explains what puzzled many people,—the seeming indifference of a Catholic public to the grave moral issues that appeared to be involved in the act of Fianna Fail. The endeavours of some over-zealous defenders of that act to excuse it on wrong grounds increased the bewilderment, and it is regrettable that a clearer explanation, both of what actually occurred and of the motives which dictated that change of policy, was not put forward authoritatively and immediately. The status of the "Dominions" is evolving under our eyes in the direction of more explicit independence, and the repeated assurances given by the Colonial Secretary during his present tour, *e.g.*, that "the Empire is now a partnership in which no part is subordinate to any other," that the obligations of the Commonwealth "are free obligations imposed on each of its peoples by its own consciousness of the common interests," that Great Britain is a "Sister Dominion" to South Africa,¹ have undoubtedly tended to lessen the fears of the advocates of complete Irish freedom. And now that observance of the Treaty is no longer an issue in Irish politics, no doubt party divisions will gradually fall into natural lines, although it may need another election or two to develop them.

Truth and Bigotry.

Is Dean Inge simply repeating himself or is he plagiarizing from someone else? Reading some words of his a few weeks ago to the effect that the "main obstacle [to proper religious training] comes from two fanatical sects, the Roman Catholics and the Communists who wish to dye the children's minds indelibly with their own colour, *turning them into finished little bigots,*" we recalled an article which we published over three years ago

¹ Albany, Oct. 11th.

² Pretoria, Sept. 7th.

³ Capetown.

that was inspired by the identical accusation similarly expressed.¹ Its Reverend author had no difficulty in showing that certainty in regard to religious truth does not make bigotry, but rather that bigotry is obstinate blindness to truth. Catholic teaching aims at eliminating the possibility of bigotry by proving that religious faith should have a reasonable basis. Fr. Calnan's words—"The man who can talk in that manner is talking either with his tongue in his cheek or with his brains in Bedlam. And if he is an educated man he deserves to be told so"—were evidently addressed to St. Paul's Deanery, although they apparently failed to get there.

Another speaker who might profit by a study of the aforesaid article is the Rev. J. C. Meggitt, Chairman of the Congregational Union. This gentleman, speaking at Newcastle recently, echoed the denunciatory Dean by classing together the same two "sects" as creating difficulties in the way of religious education, Roman Catholics by their "bigotry and narrowness," and Communists in some fashion not specified. Catholics are blamed for "limiting their conception of God to man-made creeds," because "the day-school is not the place for dogma, creed or catechism." Yet, unconscious, apparently, of any inconsistency, the speaker went on to say:—"Two things there are which I would most certainly teach in the schools of the nation: (1) the knowledge and love of God; (2) the desire to do His will." Is not the existence of God a dogma? How can you teach the knowledge and love of God better than by the dogmatic creed—"I believe in God, the Father Almighty"? How can you establish the duty of doing His will except by dogmatically establishing His claims on man's obedience? How can you know His will save through such dogmatic utterances as the Commandments? Religion without dogma, as Mgr. Benson said, is a body without a skeleton. Mr. Meggitt's religion, did he but realize the meaning of his own words, would resemble a jelly-fish—and a dead one at that.

The Malines Report.

We look forward with some interest to the complete *compte rendu* of the "Malines Conversations," which is apparently on the eve of being published, if only to see how the participants managed to evade the questions which would, if faced, have brought them to a speedy close—*viz.*, the unique status of the Church of Rome, as the only Church instituted by Christ, visible, indivisible and indefectible, and the correlative fact that Anglicanism has no canonical status as a Church at all. The *Church Times* (Oct. 14) anticipates "first, that the reports will show an amazing agreement; and, secondly, that the agreement did not entail the smallest surrender of fundamental principles on either side." To which we reply that the only agreement on the most fundamental principle in

¹ "Does Catholic Training make Little Bigots?", by the Rev. H. E. Calnan, August, 1924.

question—Can the true Church exist in a visibly-divided state?—could only be an agreement to differ. The Catholic must say no to that or else deny his faith: the Anglican cannot say no, without denying his Church. In vain does the *Church Times* attempt to find an essential difference between Continental and English Catholics in this matter. The Catholics at Malines may have learnt much about Anglicanism and were doubtless impressed by the zeal and learning of the Anglican assessors, but nothing that they learnt can have made them recast their own Catholic theology “de Ecclesia.” Lord Halifax hopes that similar “Conversations” will be renewed at the instance of his Holiness: if so, we may be sure that there will be no possible misapprehension of the attitude of Catholics commissioned to take part in them. For our part, in view of the recent prohibition issued by the Holy Office,¹ forbidding the co-operation of Catholics in non-Catholic meetings or congresses designed to promote the reunion of Christendom, we think the mind of the Holy See is adverse to such *démarches*, which always tend to compromise Catholic dogma and to raise false hopes. There is no trace of the views of a single Anglican having been modified by the Malines “Conversations”: on the contrary, they have had the inevitable result of retarding individual conversions—inevitable because, so long as there is even the semblance of recognition by Rome of an ecclesiastical status in Anglicanism, so long will loyal Anglicans cleave to their church.²

The
Only Basis of
Unity.

The lesson of the Lausanne Conference—that religious unity is unattainable except through the influence of an authority recognized as divine and infallible—is gradually being recognized by the sects themselves. *America*, of October 1st, quotes representatives both of the Episcopal and of the Methodist Churches, who from their differing points of view come to the same conclusion. A writer in the High Church magazine, *The Living Church*, realizes that Protestants feel no necessity of belonging to the historic Catholic Church, looking, as they do, upon their own form of Christianity as a legitimate development, and, at the most, aspiring to a sort of federal union comprising all varieties of belief. This is a notion, be it remarked, showing how the wheel has come full circle, which is shared by the most advanced Anglican journal here, the *Green Quarterly*, whose editor, frankly despairing of any other unity, claims that his communion is a “league of religions.” A Methodist in the *Christian Advocate*, of New York, owns that any real union between Protestants and the Orthodox is an impossibility, and maintains that this is true also of Anglicans and

¹ *Acta Apostolica Sedis*, August 1, 1927.

² An admirable summary of “reunion” movements, of the false hopes from which they start and the misunderstanding to which they lead, is given by Mr. L. J. S. Wood in *The Commonweal*, Oct. 5, 1927.

Protestants, so long as the former insist on the apostolic mission of the Episcopate. And another writer in *The Living Church* agrees that this view is correct. "It has been made abundantly clear that the sects will never accept reunion on the only terms that we can offer, and that ends it." When "Anglo-Catholics" realize that those are the views of the Church of Rome in their regard, then the last of the illusions will have disappeared and the Church will be seen to be, as has been said, not a confederation of villages but a city set upon a hill, secure, visible, accessible.

**Bishop Barnes
and
Anglicanism.**

The Bishop of Birmingham has done an ill-service to his Church by revealing the chaos of her doctrine just on the eve of the Parliamentary vote which will decide the fortunes of the Revised Prayer Book. He has emphasized the fact that the various factions in the Church cannot be trusted to live at peace with one another and need the strong hand of the State to keep them united. It may be that the zealous and earnest in that "league of religions" refuse to avail themselves of their statutory comprehensiveness. Or it may be the pride that lurks behind private judgment which shows itself always intolerant. We have shown elsewhere that the Bishop has never concealed his heterodox views and that whatever blame attaches to his appointment to an episcopal see rests upon others. We have since learnt, if a report in a provincial paper can be trusted, that his theological unfitness was even greater than we supposed. It appears that Dr. Barnes took orders when a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, *in virtue of an old Papal privilege*, that Fellows of Trinity might proceed to orders without any previous theological course. Dr. Barnes is said to have claimed that privilege, when he was ordained in 1902. Certainly there is no evidence, in his biography in "Who's Who," of his having attended any theological college. Another light on his sacramental views is afforded by the paper which he read at the twelfth Conference of Modern Churchmen in August, 1925, wherein will be found in much fuller detail and with much apparatus of scholarship the views by which a certain section of Anglicanism have been so shocked. Whatever he may have known at his ordination the Bishop has been studying theology—of a sort—since. He proves there to his satisfaction that Christ instituted no Sacrament of the Eucharist, that it crept into early Christianity through the influence of the pagan mysteries, that it became pragmatically justified by the experience of the devout and so on and so forth—the usual modernist jumble of speculation, misinterpretation and arbitrary assumption. His language there is much more shocking, his conclusions more disruptive, than he ventured to put forth at Birmingham. Why do not Anglicans keep track of these prelatial vagaries, and be prepared for them when they appear? On his appointment as Bishop, *The Guardian*, straining many points,

managed to welcome Canon Barnes, although in the past "we have been obliged more than once to express our divergence from some of the Bishop-designate's views" and actually expressed a conviction "that he will bring to the Bench a mind and an outlook which cannot fail to strengthen it, and a philosophical knowledge of a kind uncommon amongst his future brethren"—a judgment which has proved to be more charitable than far-seeing. You can get from the tree only the fruit it naturally bears.

**Miscalculations
of
Malthus.**

The Secretary of the Malthusian League writes to say that Mr. Somerville's article in the September *Month* contained "an extraordinary mathematical error." The alleged error is in Mr. Somerville's statement that "All the economic experience of the world since Malthus wrote has gone to prove his ratio ridiculous. The increase of subsistence has been nearer geometrical than arithmetical." The Secretary's correction is to the effect that in this island population in 1798 was $10\frac{1}{2}$ millions and that the home production of food does not and could not show an increase since that period even proportionate to the growth of population. If we take the world as a whole, he further argues, authorities estimate a doubling of population in the last hundred years and it may have been multiplied by two-and-a-half in 125 years.

Some sections of the population are undoubtedly better fed than in 1798, but it would be the height of absurdity to say that the whole population of the world now eats between two and three times as much as in 1798. It is, therefore, obvious that the food supply both of this island and of the whole earth has increased at a much less rapid rate than the arithmetical progression which Malthus regarded as the maximum.

We cannot quite follow this argument. It seems to deny that the total consumption of food has grown proportionately to the increase of population and yet it is admitted that some sections of the population are better fed than in 1798. If some sections are better fed and none are worse fed the increase of food consumption and therefore of food production must be greater than the increase of population. In our bewilderment as to the meaning of the argument we have conjectured that the Secretary may mean to deny that the *per capita* consumption of food is $2\frac{1}{2}$ times greater than in 1798! The rest of his argument seems to assume that "increase of subsistence" can only mean increase of food supplies. It is obvious, however, that man has used his increased productivity since 1798 less in increasing food supplies than in increasing other forms of wealth. There are no statistics to show how the world's food production to-day compares with the food production of the world in 1798. What we do know is that despite the increase in population, food has become cheaper in terms of human labour. Sir Daniel Hall gives

figures (in *Is Unemployment Inevitable?* pp. 207-8) showing that in the last century and a half agricultural wages have quadrupled while the prices of farm produce have declined 25 per cent. A book published under the editorship of Mr. Keynes, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Malthusian League, says: "The population of Great Britain and Ireland was 16,000,000 in 1801, and 41,500,000 in 1901. Total British imports and exports were £37,000,000 in 1791 and £870,000,000 in 1901." (*Population* by H. Wright, p. 34.) Population became about $2\frac{1}{2}$ times greater while our foreign trade multiplied more than 20 times. Although the increase in wealth was not equal to the increase in trade, these figures are sufficient to show that the increase in productive power has been many times greater than the increase in population.

**Catholic
Prohibitionists.**

We note that in the United States there is an "Association of Catholics favouring Prohibition." The existence of such an Association is an indication that Catholics do not naturally take the extreme Puritanic view of drink expressed in the famous Eighteenth Amendment: those who do so need to be organized, in order to mark them off from their fellows. They are not in the Catholic tradition. The moral objection to Prohibition is that it is an unwarranted limitation of human liberty and human responsibility, preventing a practice which is not evil in itself, as a means of preventing its abuse. Were the principle morally admissible, there is nothing to check its extension to the innumerable other ways in which man, dowered with liberty, chooses evil rather than good or the less good rather than the better. Individuals would profit greatly if access to various luxuries—tobacco, fashionable clothes, theatrical amusements, idle travel, motor-cars—were denied them. It is possible that more money is spent uselessly than is spent productively: there is an immense scope for the experiments of the Prohibitionist in the gross materialism of our day. But enforced virtue is not virtue at all. Virtue is the determination of the free will towards good in spite of temptation to evil. If it were possible by law to deprive people of the sense of taste, the liquor-Prohibitionist on his principles would be justified in doing so. But sin is committed by means of all the senses, and sin would be greatly diminished if we were all blind and deaf and dumb. The principle of the Eighteenth Amendment is so manifestly wrong that we can account for its gaining the support of educated Catholics only on some such plea as that the abuse had become in the States practically inseparable from the use. In this view, drink had so debauched the inhabitants of the U.S.A., or the danger of its doing so was so imminent, that the only means of curing or averting that plague was to take drink altogether out of their reach. The abolition of the saloon as a means of distribution, rigid State control of manufacture and sale, the elimina-

tion of private ownership, the spread of voluntary temperance organizations—these lesser limitations of liberty were apparently held by the Prohibitionist inadequate to restore his fellow countrymen to a civilized measure of self-control and self-respect. In other words, the conscientious, unfanatical and well-informed Prohibitionist must hold that Americans as a race cannot be trusted with the use of alcoholic liquors, whereas other Governments manage to keep their citizens from over-much excess by legislation that respects liberty. We commend that reflection to the above-mentioned Association.

**A
Strange Judicial
Pronouncement.**

From time to time one of those respectable and highly useful gentlemen who administer justice at petty sessions or in magistrates' courts utters some comment which, because it is contrary to Christian morality, the press looks on as "copy" and broadcasts with headlines. It is generally lax views on marriage that thus find publicity and invite refutation in Catholic papers. But some years ago it was necessary to censure a High Court judge who equivalently advocated sterilization of the "unfit," and now another, commenting at the Chester Assizes¹ on the act of a father accused of drowning his suffering and incurable child, seems to advocate "euthanasia," the euphemism which certain humanitarians use to describe the murder of those who are doomed to a painful death. How otherwise are these words of his to be interpreted? "It was a matter [he said] which gave food for thought, when one considered that, had this poor child been an animal instead of a human being, so far from there being anything blameworthy in the man's action in putting an end to its sufferings, he would actually have been liable to punishment if he had not done it. That was the state of the law, and they must administer it." Obviously by this comment the judge implied that the law was unreasonable and therefore should be altered, whereas, as he should have known, the civil law in this matter simply expresses the moral which the State has no power to alter. Moreover, he seemed to be unaware that the contrast which he drew between what is right and lawful in regard to an animal and in regard to a human being, illustrates the whole dignity and worth of human personality, which does not end with this life but persists to eternity. Man may determine when an animal shall die, but only God (or God's representative, as in the case of a lawful sentence) has the right to terminate the life which He gives each man in the beginning. Christianity had to labour long amongst the corruptions of paganism before the sanctity of human life and the dignity of human personality became recognized. And Christians must be on their guard against the revival of pagan ideals in their midst.

THE EDITOR.

¹ THE MONTH, Nov. 1922, p. 467.

² The Times, Oct. 22, 1927.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Christ, The Two Natures in [L. Walker, O.P., in *Blackfriars*, Oct. 1927, p. 635].

Prohibition: the moral flaw in [Rev. J. A. Ryan in *Commonweal*, Sept. 21, 1927, p. 462].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Barnes, Bishop, attacks the Faith [*Tablet*, Oct. 1, 1927, p. 425: *Catholic Times*, Sept. 30, 1927, p. 12: Fr. Vassall-Phillips in *Universe*, Sept. 30, 1927, p. 1: J. Keating, S.J., in *Month*, Nov. 1927, p. 435].

Bolshevism, Systematic corruption of children under [*Documentation Catholique*, Oct. 8, 1927, p. 559].

De Lamennais an antetype of "L'Action Française" [Dom B. Whelan in *Catholic Times*, Oct. 7, 1927, p. 11].

Inge, Dean, Bigotry of [F. Woodlock, S.J., in *Catholic Times*, Sept. 30, 1927, p. 14].

Keith, Sir Arthur, proved ill-informed in science and theology [Rev. B. Grimley in *Catholic Gazette*, Oct. 1927, p. 289: V. McNabb, O.P., in *Blackfriars*, Oct. 1927, p. 595].

Mexico and Protestants: alliance repudiated by Communists [*Catholic Times*, Sept. 30, 1927, p. 12].

"Reunion," The Fallacies of, denounced by the Holy See [L. J. S. Wood in *Commonweal*, Oct. 5, 1927, p. 518].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Bergey, The Abbé: deputy [D. Gwynn in *Blackfriars*, Oct. 1927, p. 600].

Catholicism in Ireland, To restore [E. Cahill, S.J., in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Oct. 1927, p. 383].

Common Sense and "Philosophy" [M. D'Arcy, S.J., in *Dublin Review*, Oct. 1927, p. 161].

Ferrari's, Cardinal, Social Work in Milan [T. F. Ryan, S.J., in *Studies*, Sept. 1927, p. 501].

Gilds, Religious aspect of [N. Doyle, S.J., in *Month*, Nov. 1927, p. 440].

"Nordic nonsense" in U.S.A. [E. Sutherland Bates in *Commonweal*, Oct. 5, 1927, p. 521].

Peace in the Pacific, Institute for [J. A. Ryan, D.D., in *Catholic World*, Oct. 1927, p. 1: *Headway*, Oct. 1927, p. 193].

Roman Question, The [*Tablet*, Oct. 22, 1927, p. 525].

Sibyl, The, Pagan and Christian [S. Cunningham in *Month*, Nov. 1927, p. 403].

Union with Orthodox Church: the 5th Velehrad Congress [*Tablet*, Oct. 1, 1927, p. 426].

REVIEWS

I.—THE CAMBRIDGE MEDIEVAL HISTORY¹

NO volume of the Cambridge Medieval History is likely to be more interesting to the Catholic student than that now before us. It is of unusual bulk, running to over a thousand pages, and on that account it is perhaps somewhat undesirably cumbersome to handle. Its general contents are sufficiently indicated by its title, "Contest of Empire and Papacy," for it covers, roughly speaking, the period from 1050 to 1200 during which time, as Mr. Brooke appropriately reminds us, the unity of Western Christendom was realized, finding its expression in the universal Church. "For the Church alone was universal, European, international; and, as its institutions begin to take more definite form, the more deeply is this character impressed upon them." This is a conception of fundamental importance for anyone who would rightly approach the study of the later middle ages, and we doubt if any section of this bulky volume will prove more practically helpful than the dozen pregnant pages of Introduction in which Mr. Brooke, as he takes a rapid survey of the period with which it deals, lays stress upon the part played by the Holy See in determining the ultimate issue of all movements whether political, social, or religious. Very temperate, also, and broad-minded in its outlook is Professor Whitney's chapter on "The Reform of the Church" with which the volume opens, though we should be curious to know on what ground he suggests (p. 13, note) that St. Ulric of Augsburg was perhaps an exception to the more earnest reformers who wished to enforce celibacy. The document upon which Dr. H. C. Lea founds a similar statement is a notorious forgery of the time of Gregory VII. Other chapters which deservedly claim special attention are that of Professor H. H. Thompson on the "Monastic Orders," the sketch—in itself perhaps not quite so satisfactory—of "Philosophy in the Middle Ages," by Mr. W. H. V. Reade, the account of "Medieval Schools to A.D. 1300," by Miss Margaret Deanesly, and in particular the 70 pages in which Professor Hazeltine has discussed the connection and reactions of "Roman and Canon Law." On the controversy raised by the late Professor Maitland's bombshell in the "English Historical Review," now thirty years old, Mr. Hazeltine declines to commit himself by any very definite pronouncement, but he tells

¹ *The Cambridge Medieval History, Vol. V., Contest of Empire and Papacy.* Cambridge University Press. Pp. xliv. 1006. Price, 50s. n. 1926.

us that "Maitland's view has been accepted by many scholars of eminence," though that which preceded it, Stubbs' contention in other words, "has persisted down to our own day and is still held by some scholars." Of the more directly narrative contents of the volume we may single out for special commendation the contributions of Mr. Brooke, Mr. Austin Lane Poole, and the late Count Balzani. To say the truth, the majority of the chapters form rather heavy reading, a result probably due to the desire of each contributor to compress into the space allotted to him the maximum amount of positive information. Such condensation does not readily lend itself to the graces of literary style, and no room can be found for the personal anecdotes and side-lights which help so much to stimulate the imagination and make the characters live. Our English Henry II., for example, is a very dull dog in the 40 pages which Mrs. Stenton devotes to him, pages which seem to us to be principally characterized by the writer's strong bias against his opponent Saint Thomas. It is curious that nowhere apparently in this volume, not even in the bibliographies, is any reference made to that very valuable source for late 12th century history—the "Magna Vita" of St. Hugh of Lincoln. But the work as a whole is, of course, of immense value to the student who craves for facts and expert appreciations, and a word of commendation should be added for that most useful feature in all the volumes of this series, the accompanying portfolio of maps.

2—PRAYER¹

IN "The Ordinary Ways of the Spiritual Life," Mgr. Farges reverses the logical order of his subject, for this work has been written since the publication of his treatise on Contemplation, entitled "Mystical Phenomena." He explains in the preface that advancing age urged him to produce the latter work first, as being in his eyes the more important, and that he did so in the hope, now happily realized, that time would be granted him in which to complete the task that he had imposed upon himself. We now have, therefore, in the two volumes, an exhaustive study of the spiritual life from its first simple principles to its culmination, in a form which is singularly interesting and attractive. Discussions of the nature of Christian perfection and the

¹ *The Ordinary Ways of the Spiritual Life.* By Mgr. A. Farges. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. Pp. xiii. 406. Price, 10s. 6d. *Light on Mount Carmel: a Guide to the Works of St. John of the Cross.* By Père L. de Besse, O.S.F.C. London: B.O. and W. Pp. vii. 76. Price, 2s. 6d. *Mental Prayer according to the Teaching of St. Thomas Aquinas.* By the Rev. D. Fahey, C.S.Sp. Dublin: Gill and Son. Pp. 77. Price, 2s. 6d. n. *Contemplative Prayer.* By Dom B. Weld-Blundell. Exeter: Catholic Records Press. Pp. xvi. 158. Price, 3s.

call to embrace it according to the various states of life, are followed by an analysis of the means of achievement and the obstacles likely to be encountered, and a good deal of space is most helpfully devoted to the subject of prayer in all its forms and degrees, at least in outline. The author is, as one would expect, widely read in theological and ascetical literature, and gives unequivocal evidence besides of an earnest enthusiasm for his subject, without which the most accurate scholarship would be a barren thing. The work is quite among the best of its kind that has appeared in recent times.

"Contemplative Prayer," by Dom Benedict Weld-Blundell, O.S.B., is the first volume of a recension of the chapters on Contemplation from the Ven. Augustine Baker's "*Sancta Sophia*." These are too well known to call for commendation here, but it is very satisfactory to note the increase of interest in this most valuable treatise, of which the appearance of this re-issue is a fresh indication. Here is no mere translation or adaptation from a foreign source, but a genuine work of English mysticism, native and original. It is a pity (though the point is trifling) that this attractive little volume should have been printed irregularly on two kinds of paper of quite different tint and texture.

The title of Father Fahey's book, "*Mental Prayer according to the Teaching of St. Thomas Aquinas*," sufficiently indicates the nature of its contents. The Author has extracted, chiefly from the various parts of the *Summa* in which the subject is treated, what may be called the pith of St. Thomas's teaching on Prayer. The result is, as was to be expected, extremely stimulating and enlightening, and it should be very welcome to those who have not the leisure to search for themselves among the original sources. But the book is primarily for students of the theory of Contemplation, it is not a manual of practice.

"*Light on Mount Carmel*," by Father Ludovic de Besse, O.S.F.C., meets a need which must have been felt by many. It provides a skeleton or outline of the writings of St. John of the Cross which will be intensely appreciated by those who on their first acquaintance with that monumental work find themselves bewildered by its many abrupt transitions and the astounding richness of its thought, and are hard pressed to keep the thread of the Saint's argument. To be able to read St. John of the Cross intelligently is to put oneself beyond the necessity of looking for any other guide on the Mystical Way, and this little book will help powerfully to that desirable end. Father de Besse is already well known for his clear and original exposition of Mystical science.

3—ST. JOHN'S: WONERSH¹

FR. HOOLEY has made a very interesting story out of the records of the Southwark Diocesan College near Guildford, although he has confined himself to its first fourteen years. A good deal of the interest comes from the fact that it reveals part of the early ecclesiastical history of his Eminence Cardinal Bourne, who at the age of twenty-eight became the first Rector of the Seminary, then located at Henfield, in Sussex, and who was able to impress upon the new institution his own definite views of ecclesiastical training, views founded on quite exceptional experience for one so young. In pursuance of them, he became one of the protagonists in a peaceful domestic controversy in the early 'nineties on the rival merits of a joint Central English Seminary, then advocated by Cardinal Vaughan, and a number of smaller diocesan institutions. In the event the Central College scheme was abandoned, and the continuance and extension of Wonersh was not interfered with. Fr. Hooley's narrative includes all those details which an old student would naturally look for—accounts of the original staff, early difficulties and privations, the gradual changes which came from growth, and so on. Even an outsider may read these things with interest, and the contrasted pictures of old Henfield Place and the great modern establishment serve as symbols of an interior development. The Rector became Co-adjutor of Southwark in 1896, and was elevated to the See of Westminster in 1903, when his direct official connection with the place naturally ceased. Fr. Hooley also concludes his story with that year. He may congratulate himself on having laid a worthy and substantial foundation for a continuation of the history, and his book will be treasured by all past students, even though in some cases he does not tell of their own times.

4—PATRISTIC STUDIES *

THE Letters of St. Basil the Great with Greek text, translation on opposite pages, introduction and notes, are now being issued under the auspices of the Loeb Classical Library. It speaks well for the School of Patristic Studies, long since established

¹ *The Making of a Seminary, being a History of the Foundation and Early Years of St. John's Diocesan Seminary: Wonersh, 1889—1903.* Compiled by Rev. Thomas Hooley. London: Longmans. Pp. xii. 195. Price, 7s. 6d. n.

² (1) *Saint Basil. The Letters, with an English Translation.* By Roy J. Deferrari, Ph.D., of the Catholic University of America. In four vols. Vol. I. London: William Heinemann.

(2) *The Language and Style of the Letters of St. Basil.* By Sister Agnes Clare Way, M.A. Patristic Studies series. Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C.

in the Catholic University of America, that the issue of this important work has been entrusted to the head of the classical department in our great transatlantic centre of learning. Dr. Deferrari deserves the special thanks of all Catholic students of patrology for the volume already given to the public. Its excellence is a guarantee of the quality of the three to come.

The introduction furnishes a concise and adequate account of Basil's education, of his personal share in the religious controversies of his time, and of the chief events in the saint's life. It also provides valuable parallel columns on the numbering of the letters enabling the reader to refer to all earlier editions.

It is no easy task to translate St. Basil's letters; for although his syntax is essentially Attic, his vocabulary and style differ considerably from the golden age of Attic Greek. The translator's scholarship has proved equal to the difficulties encountered. His translation is lucid, faithful, elegant and idiomatic. Indeed on almost every page, a teacher of Greek could find valuable examples to illustrate the principles of idiomatic translation into the vernacular. We have examined the greater part of these 130 pages of translation, and have discovered only very few renderings that might be emended; and to those who understand the pitfalls to which a translator of any Greek classic is exposed, this paucity of mistakes will be the best testimony to Dr. Deferrari's accuracy.

On p. 4 ἀμυχανία should be "helplessness" not "despair."

On p. 14 "Images of God's government" should be "images of God-like living." This meaning of πολιτεία to denote "conduct" or "behaviour," is elsewhere correctly given. On p. 50 οἱ θεῖοι λόγοι should be translated "sacred scripture," not "divine words." This variant for ἡ γραφή occurs elsewhere in Basil and also in Eusebius. On p. 80 ἀνεπίδεκτον (with a privative) is the very opposite of "susceptible," and the logic of the argument needs "unsusceptible." On p. 88 τὰ ἐν ποσὶ is a well known idiom for "everyday matters." On p. 94 a statement is attributed to Basil that would brand the protagonist of the Ὁμοούσιον as an Arian. He is made to write, "It was quite enough for him (Dionysius of Alexandria) to show that the Father and Son *are not of the same substance*." What Basil would have wished Dionysius to show is that Divine personality in the doctrine of the Trinity is not the same idea as the Divine essence: οὐ ταῦτόν τῳ ὑποκειμένῳ Πατὴρ καὶ Υἱός "The (names) Father and Son are not identical with the term (Divine) essence." In other words there is a distinction between essence and personality.

A most useful companion volume to Dr. Deferrari's work, is a doctoral thesis just issued, under the latter's guidance, from the Washington Catholic University. Sister A. C. Way, M.A., Ph.D., deserves the gratitude not only of students of Patristic Literature, but of all who are interested in the advancement of Greek Lexico-

graphical and Grammatical studies for her valuable treatise on "The Language and Style of the Letters of St. Basil." I make bold to state that of all the contributions to learning so far issued from the Washington School of Patristic Studies, this will take rank as the best, both for the reliability of its conclusions and the value of the information it contains. It provides a most helpful introduction to the study of fourth century Fathers. We regret that limited space forbids us to expatiate on its manifold merits. Suffice it to state that the part devoted to vocabulary—134 out of a total of 204 pages—is admirably done. Whosoever masters it, will read with ease the whole of St. Basil's extant writings. There are, of course, a few inevitable misprints, but very few erroneous entries. There is, for instance, an unfortunate slip on p. 115 where λόγιον, misprinted λόγιος, is rendered "announcement." It is, of course, one of the normal words in use for "oracle." The writer also, following possibly the practice of lexicons, enters middle verbs in their active form, even where the latter is never in use. She would also, I think, have done better in the otherwise valuable treatise on figurative diction, had she followed Dr. I. Barry's superior classification of the Figures of Speech.

The first and shorter but also more thorny portion of this work—that on Basilian Syntax—suffers much from the defects of the two Greek Grammars chosen by Sister Way as standard exponents of the laws of Greek Syntax. For instance, few idioms are more common in Greek prose than the use of *ἐκείνο* to refer emphatically to some point an orator wishes to stress,¹ and which he is just *about to mention*. Yet Sister Way, following her guides no doubt, tells us (p. 8 and repeats it on p. 40) that "this is a deviation from Classical Greek." It is both classical and superlatively Attic. She likewise is relying on her authorities when she ventures on the statement that "it is difficult in many cases to say according to *Classical Greek* standards, that *μή* (rather than *οὐ*) should or should not be used." This may be true of later Greek (Alexandrine and Roman periods); but it does not apply to the golden age of classical prose. These, however, are but trivial blemishes in a volume full of so many good things.

J.D.

5—THE SACRAMENTARY*

THIS is the third volume in the English translation of that curious congeries of essays, exegetical commentaries, inscriptions, hymns, liturgical notes, and fragments of homiletics,

¹ See Donovan's Greek Prose Comp., p. 385, §453.

* *The Sacramentary, Historical and Liturgical Notes on the Roman Missal.* By Ildefonso Schuster. Translated by A. Levelis-Marke. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. Vol. III. Pp. 442. Price, 15s. 1927.

which Abbot Ildefonso Schuster has published under the title *Liber Sacramentorum*. No doubt there are many readers to whom a type of informal miscellany, after the manner of *Tit Bits*, makes special appeal, and it cannot be disputed that many individual items in the contents of this liturgical lucky-bag were well worth bringing within the reach of an unprofessional public. But the arrangement, or absence of arrangement, seems a little bewildering. The present volume begins with a short chapter on "Eastern Influence in the Roman Liturgy," and it is followed by a much longer essay of nearly sixty pages on "The Place of Monasticism in the Liturgical Life of Rome." Then we find ourselves face to face with a running commentary, somewhat after the manner of Dom Guéranger's "Liturgical Year," on "The Sacred Liturgy from Trinity Sunday to Advent." To this is attached an "Euchological Appendix," mostly short prayers and hymns, printed in Latin, but with an English translation. After that we have another pair of essays, one on "the Natalitia Martyrum in the Ancient Liturgical Tradition of Rome," and the second on "the Effect of the Yearly Liturgical Cycle in the Development of Popular Devotion." Finally, we come to "The Feasts of the Saints during the Christmas Cycle," which covers the *Sanctorale* of December, January and February; and this is also supplemented with an Euchological Appendix of its own. There is undoubtedly much that is useful and interesting in this well-printed volume, and the translation, though occasionally rather free, reads smoothly enough. Abbot Schuster is not always quite abreast of the latest researches in the matters of which he treats, but there is generally respectable authority for the views with which he identifies himself. The book will undoubtedly be very useful to ecclesiastical students and the clergy, while not a few of the laity will find acceptable information in its pages.

6—PASTOR'S HISTORY OF THE POPES¹

THE two latest volumes of Freiherr von Pastor's monumental work, which together cover the pontificates of Clement VIII, Leo XI, and Paul V (1592 to 1621), are filled with matter of extraordinary interest. For English readers in particular the veteran historian gives proof that he has carefully studied the literature of his subject so far as concerns the British Isles. The late Father John Pollen's articles in our own pages—those particularly which have a bearing on the closing years of Elizabeth's reign—are frequently cited, and we are afraid that in relation to the Gunpowder

¹ "Geschichte der Päpste seit dem Ausgang des Mittelalters," von Ludwig Freiherr von Pastor, Freiburg im Breisgau, Herder. Vol. XI., pp. xl. 804. Price, 24 marks, in cloth. Vol. XII., pp. xxxvi. 698. Price, 24 marks. Cloth.

Plot, of which a clear and detailed account is furnished in Vol. XII, under Paul V, somewhat too much confidence has been placed in the conclusions arrived at by the former editor of *THE MONTH*, Father Gerard. At the same time Dr. Pastor has not adopted these views without some qualification, for he has also studied, in addition to Lingard, Jardine, Dr. S. R. Gardiner and Brother Foley, the detailed criticisms of Father Gerard's conclusions published by Father O. Pfülf in the "*Stimmen aus Maria Laach*." But, of course, the main interest of these volumes centres in Rome and in the person of the pontiff whose history is recounted. Of Clement VIII we learn much which was only very imperfectly understood before. It is abundantly shown that the Aldobrandini Pope, though by no means free from human foibles, was a true ascetic, giving the first place in his thoughts to the glory of God and the advancement of His Kingdom on earth. None the less, Clement was a capable man of affairs, unsparing in his energetic intervention in matters of Catholic interest throughout every part of the world, and by no means devoid of Italian adroitness in matters of statecraft. He was not, however, a theologian, and Dr. Pastor draws a really masterly picture of the confusion and ill-success which attended his personal intervention in the discussions over the great controversy "*de auxiliis gratiæ*." The chapter devoted to this topic occupies more than sixty pages, in the course of which the inner workings of the influences brought to bear upon the problem are detailed with a fullness and insight only equalled by the author's frankness in exposing the real causes of the trouble which ensued.

As in all the preceding volumes of this great history a full account is given of the progress of art, literature and architecture and generally of the social conditions prevailing in the papal states. If any student had ever credited the foolish statement made by some indiscreet apologists that in Rome itself no one was ever put to death on account of religion, the details furnished in the volumes before us would suffice to set the question for ever at rest. The outline of the career of Giordano Bruno, though very concise, is rich in bibliographical references and full of interest. But there were many others burnt in Rome besides the atheist philosopher, and we have a curious casual reference to the similar fate of an Englishman who in 1592 attacked with a dagger a priest carrying the Blessed Sacrament in a procession and caused the Host to fall upon the ground. Naturally, the wider fields of interest are not neglected, and in regard to many of them Dr. Pastor, as usual, has new information to impart, derived from his study of the manuscript materials in the Vatican archives and elsewhere. Considerable space is devoted, especially in Vol. XII., to missionary enterprise and to the development of the congregations of religious women, many of them educational in scope, but, of course, the

relation of the Roman Pontiffs with the great centres of Catholic life, Italy, France, Spain and Germany, occupy the foreground of the picture; and confronted as we are in each case with a mass of well-digested detail and a wonderful array of bibliographical references, it fills us with astonishment that the venerable author can still possess the energy to make such rapid progress in his gigantic task. Seeing that a well-known writer who describes himself as "an official teacher of history in the University of Cambridge," has recently spoken of "the Jesuit Professor Pastor," it is interesting to notice that the second of the volumes before us is dedicated "to my dear wife on her 70th birthday."

SHORT NOTICES.

THEOLOGICAL.

THE *Summa* is itself a compendium not of some previous volume but of the whole science of Theology. Yet itself needs summarizing for the sake of students if it has to be used as a text-book. That operation has just been concluded by Father John Lottini, O.P., by the issue of the third and last volume of his *Summa Theologica in breviorum formarum redacta* (Mari e Marietti: 27.00 l.; the whole 3 volumes, 75.00 l.), in which he has kept to the order and arrangement of St. Thomas, and omitted or shortened passages which seemed less necessary. It is dangerous so to deal with a classic, but, if it had to be done, no safer hands could be employed at it than those of Father-Master Lottini, eminent amongst the theologians of his Order.

BIBLICAL.

Dr. Herman J. Heuser, in an earlier work called "In the Workshop of St. Joseph," endeavoured with much success to fill out the meagre Gospel record of the early days of our Lord; now he essays the same service for us in his elaboration of that similarly-condensed period dealing with the Risen Life and the Foundation of the Church. Making use of the Acts when necessary, he weaves a connected story, never departing from probability in detail and, of course, keeping rigidly to Catholic doctrinal tradition, which brings vividly before us the early days of Christianity and the growth of devotional practices in the infant Church. It is called *The House of Martha at Bethany* (Longmans), for the author connects his story with that holy family who were so completely in sympathy with our Lord, and most of the events of the tale take place there or in its neighbourhood. Price, 7s. 6d. n.

We have often said that the Sacred Scriptures are to-day the chief object of attack by the enemies of religion. Therefore the defence of the Scriptures—as true, as inspired, as good—must be the main concern of the Apologist. To his aid comes a valuable book, *Stock Charges against the Bible* (Herder Book Co.: 5s. n.), written by Father T. Paffrath, O.F.M., and adapted from his German by Father Claude Kean, O.F.M. The translator might for greater accuracy have also "adapted"

the title, for the difficulties, 50 in number, concern only the Old Testament. On the whole they are well and skilfully answered, being generally based on misconceptions, and the answers are well illustrated from modern examples.

THE CHURCH.

Dr. James H. Ryan of Washington has performed a signal service to Catholic thought in bringing together, with an introduction and summary discussion, the great pastoral letters of our present Holy Father. Unlike those of Leo XIII. which mainly dealt with matters of universal interest—human liberty, labour, the State, etc.—**The Encyclicals of Pius XI.** (Herder Book Co.: 9s. n.) are immediately concerned with the building up of the mystic body of Christ, the Church and her members. From the first, dated December, 1922, that magnificent appeal for peace,—“the Peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ”—to the last (here included) issued in November, 1926, on the “Persecution of the Church in Mexico” the Holy Father gives a clear lead to his children in the midst of world-chaos. There is no vagueness, no ambiguity, no inconsistency in his principles or in his application of them. If the world persists in wrong courses and in following false ideals, it is not because the Truth is unknown and unheard. Four of the nine deal with four great Christian personalities,—St. Francis of Sales, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Josaphat, and St. Francis of Assisi—estimating and re-applying the special contribution of each to Christian life and thought. One of the remainder regards relations with France, one Catholic Missions and the third follows up the pleadings of the inaugural one and puts a crown on the Holy Year by instituting the festival of Christ the King. Catholics will rejoice to have these oracles of truth and springs of inspiration in this accessible form.

MORAL THEOLOGY.

Father B. H. Merkelbach, O.P., Professor of Theology, Louvain, has written an interesting work on Embryology and the administration of baptism in abnormal cases—**Quaestiones de Embryologia** (La Pensée Catholique: 8.00 fr.). We think that it is particularly suitable for doctors and nurses and it will be found to contain an adequate discussion of the matter, both medically and morally. The author is obviously acquainted with the minutest details of embryology and for that reason will command the confidence of the medical profession. We should be glad to see the book translated into both French and English. We may be permitted to make one criticism. The statements in respect of some operations on ectopics are to us unconvincing. The author takes the strictest view, but there is, we believe, a good deal to be said for the milder view, held by some modern theologians.

Father Cappello, S.J., has now given us his third volume—being the second in the series—on the Sacrament of Penance (**Tractatus Canonico-Moralis de Sacramentis, Vol. II. De Poenitentia**, pp. 882. Marii e Marietti: 32 l.). We have no hesitation in saying that it is the best and most adequate treatment of the subject we know. It is, perhaps, too long a work for the beginner, but as a work of reference and for post-graduate study we do not think it has its equal. The three volumes of Father

Cappello on the Sacraments will serve future writers on Moral Theology as excellent models, for these matters should be treated, now that the *Codex Juris* is available, from the point of view of Canon Law much more than was possible formerly. The historical sections in this volume on Penance add to the scholarly presentation of the subject. We believe that the author's view on *error communis* is coming into favour; if it becomes generally accepted, this result will be due, in great measure, to the lucid arguments of Father Cappello.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

A History of Philosophy (Herder: 12s.), by Leo F. Miller, D.D., is a summary, from the Catholic standpoint, of the principal philosophical systems from the beginning to the present day. The treatment is historical and expository, rather than systematic and argumentative. The *a priori* element is reduced to a minimum. This is a merit, no doubt, and the author's experience as a teacher has shown him the necessity of such a purely objective method. It is an advantage, both for younger and for more advanced students, to have a straightforward account of what each author said, instead of (as we too often find) an elaborate and generally more or less fanciful diagram of evolutionary "progress" in thought. Nevertheless, a certain colourlessness and lack of connection is apt to characterize the work of the "straightforward" historian; and that is the criticism we should suggest concerning Father Miller's work. Straightforwardness is a great virtue in philosophy as in everything else; but it is not all. Scholasticism is the straightforward philosophy *par excellence*, and its exponents are accordingly more liable than most other philosophers to the pitfalls of the obvious. Secure from the danger of paradox, they have to beware of the no less deadly peril of platitude; The art of putting an essentially moderate and common-sense philosophy in such a way that it will "bite," may perhaps be counted among the rarer accomplishments of philosophic writing. The qualities that strike us in the present volume are its simplicity of treatment and clearness of arrangement. As a book of reference, it should prove valuable. The author had what would commonly be considered a modest purpose in composing his work, and it appears to us he has fulfilled it. We suggest that possibly he may make this volume the basis of a future work of a more elaborate and, in a good sense, ambitious character.

A few months ago we welcomed the publication of an abridgment of Father J. Hontheim's *Theodicea* in the "Cursus Philosophicus" published by the German Provinces of the Society of Jesus. We have now received the first volume of *Psychologia Speculativa*, by Father Joseph Fröbes, in the same series (Herder: pp. 254; 5.50 m.). Father Fröbes is well-known already for his great work, "*Lehrbuch der experimentellen Psychologie*," and we have no doubt that the present work will be welcomed by teachers and students of scholastic psychology. The style and plan of the book conform to those of the other volumes of the series; the statement of the question for every thesis is brief and clear, and all the principal objections are passed in review. Possibly, the work may be found to err on the side of exhaustiveness. Two volumes like the one before us would be more than could be properly assimilated in a single scholastic session.

The sixteenth fascicule of Baeumler and Schröter's **Handbuch der Philosophie** (Oldenburg, Munich) has just come to hand. The author is Friedrich Kuntze, and the subject is Theory of Knowledge. In a hundred pages, the leading systems of epistemology from the early Greek philosophers to Kant are passed in review. Naturally, perhaps, more space is given to modern than to ancient systems: Kant alone gets forty pages. The method of treatment follows familiar lines.

The great protagonist of the Scholastic Philosophy in Germany, Professor Dr. Geyser, best known by his publications on Psychology and his constructive criticisms of the "Psychologists" and the "phenomenalist school," presents us in **Einige Hauptprobleme der Metaphysik** (Herder: Freiburg) with a lucid explanation and discussion of some main problems of metaphysics. His discussion of the principle of causality and its vindication against Old- and New-Kantian interpretations form the most valuable part of this capable book.

APOLOGETIC.

Any book about the wonders of Lourdes is rightly to be classed as "apologetic" because those wonders are a repeated and unanswerable challenge to the materialism of to-day. Dr. Auguste Vallet, who succeeded, but only, we believe, for a year, Drs. Boissarie and Marchand as President of the Bureau des Constatations, has imitated his predecessors in publishing, under title **Guérisons de Lourdes en 1926** (B.O. and W.: 6.50 fr.), his experiences as examiner-in-chief of the medical board by which alleged cures are examined before they are certified. But his book includes much more than an account of several recent cures. He exposes, first of all, the whole significance of these miraculous cures and then describes in detail the critical process to which they are subjected. So his volume is complete in itself, giving both facts and moral. Canon Duplessy of Notre-Dame contributes a useful preface.

Dr. G. G. Coulton of Cambridge has for long devoted his literary energies to medieval studies, and has shown considerable diligence in collecting material intended to prove that the influence of Catholicity, both on individuals and on the community at large, was to a great extent harmful. Naturally, Catholics have questioned both his facts and his inferences, and he has been the centre of not a few prolonged controversies. An account of his latest is given by Father Thurston in **Some Inexactitudes of Mr. G. G. Coulton** (Sheed and Ward: 1s. n.), which is described as "A Sheaf of Criticisms and Rejoinders arising mainly out of Mr. Coulton's volume 'The Medieval Village'." One need not be versed in medieval lore to gather from this account that Dr. Coulton carries into his disputes the same incapacity for seeing the point of an objection or the bearing of a phrase which his historical writings themselves evidence. But it is the experts who will best appreciate the skill with which Father Thurston lays bare the issue time and again, which his opponent constantly obscures by irrelevant argument.

If the laws of logic still hold and if the human mind is still capable of recognizing and expressing truth, the reasoning embodied in **The Reformation and the Eucharist** (Sheed and Ward: 1s. n.), by Father Francis Woodlock, S.J., must carry conviction to every honest enquirer that whatever the force of their rival claims, the two religious systems

of Anglicanism and Catholicism are radically different, in other words, that the religious establishment set up under Elizabeth had and has no vital connection with the pre-Reformation Catholic Church. Taking the one point of Eucharistic doctrine the lecturer shows by the clearest evidence that the reformers repudiated both the real Presence of Christ in the Sacrament and the very existence of a Sacrifice, and that the present formularies of Anglicanism maintain that two-fold repudiation. The booklet should prove under Providence a powerful means of sweeping away "Anglo-Catholic" pretensions.

DEVOTIONAL.

The Catholic will find a very "mixed grill" in **A Book of Devotional Readings from the Literature of Christendom** (Longmans: 5s. n.) compiled by Mr. J. M. Connell, of which a second edition has appeared. Along with the spiritual classics with which he is acquainted, there are extracts from sermons and writings of many who have not known Catholic truth or, having known, have rejected it. St. Teresa, who so loathed heresy, would shudder to find herself, as she is here, between John Knox and John Foxe. Not that the heretics are necessarily heretical in their devotional writings: much herein included is the outcome of true religious experience: on the other hand, much is vitiated by that vague religiosity which a breach with sound Catholic tradition almost inevitably causes.

The old truth that for a supernatural work supernatural help must be obtained is apt to be forgotten in the rush of modern life. We are so busy planting and watering that we forget to whom is due growth and fruitage. So a book like **The Soul of the Apostolate** (Gill and Son: 3s. n.), which Father J. A. Moran, S.M., has translated from the French of Dom Chautard, Abbot of Sept-Fons—a book which treats in great detail and with perfect scientific method of the means of fostering the interior life—can hardly be too highly recommended. So much has to be done, so many souls are crying out for help, that it needs real conviction to enable us to attend first to ourselves, so as to perfect the instrument which God uses, as much as possible. Dom Chautard's book will show the zealous Christian how to put first things first.

Father Garesché's beautiful book—**The Mirrors of God** (Bruce Publishing Co., Wis.: \$1.50) may be described as an essay in the art of contemplation, or a commentary on St. Paul's declaration that the invisible things of God—His nature and attributes—are to be understood, since the creation of the world, through the things that He made. He considers the wonders and glories of the material creation, the revelation of God in human history and in science, His moral attributes in the saints and heroes of the race and finally His perfection as seen in the Humanity and Life of Christ, and he shows how we are indeed inexcusable if we fail to know and, knowing, to love the Author of such varied beauty. The book is finely illustrated by several photogravures in sepia of celebrated landscapes, and it should find a place in the drawing-room and on the prie-dieu alike.

Miss Clara Tiry, who is described as the foundress and secretary of a pious Union called the "Apostolate of Suffering," has, during a period of illness lasting for twenty-five years, learnt in suffering what she teaches, if not in song, at least in clear and moving prose—the meaning

and utility of bodily illness. Her book is aptly named **Comfort for the Sick** (Herder Book Co.: 9s. n.) and in its sixteen chapters contains a vast amount of useful suggestion as to how the business of sickness should be conducted by the Christian. That one of these chapters is headed, "Pleasures of the Sick Room," shows that the author knows that cheerfulness is a great aid to health. An account, with conditions of membership, etc., of the "Apostolate of Suffering" which was founded only a year ago, is given in an appendix.

Christ in His Mysteries, by the late Abbot Marmion, O.S.B., is a large book, too large to carry about or read in Church. Hence the abridgment made by a Tyburn nun and called **Our Way and Our Life** (B.O. and W.: 3s. 6d. n.) will be welcomed by many who have found Abbot Marmion's books both sound and stimulating. If Christianity is essentially the love and following of Christ, this study of His life will do much to extend it.

Canon Auguste Saudreau of Angers in his many spiritual books preaches continuously the advantage of aiming at the highest in the spiritual life, and in his **The Ideal of the Fervent Soul** (B.O. and W.: 6s. n.) he reiterates most persuasively that excellent doctrine. Contemplation, Mysticism, Union—all are divine gifts and privileges but are given, so to speak, as a matter of course, when the soul is "disposed" for them. How to effect this preparatory disposition is the burden of this latest book, translated from the second French edition.

Sister M. Emmanuel, O.S.B., has compiled a book of instructions on the titles of the Litany arranged for each of the days of May and aptly called **Mary's Month** (Herder Book Co.: 7s. n.). An apposite anecdote, chosen from various *legenda*, ends each instruction and illustrates its lesson.

The many devotional books of Father Raoul Plus, S.J. have an increasing vogue amongst us—a testimony to the freshness and force with which he expounds and applies the teaching of the Gospels. In **The Folly of the Cross** (B.O. and W.: 5s.), excellently translated by Miss Irene Hernaman, he has a congenial theme which he illustrates copiously from instances, old and new. Sacrifice is the essence of the Catholic religion, and is being repudiated by all the false religions that oppose it. No one goeth to the Father save by the way of Calvary. Father Plus' stimulating treatise shows us how to make a virtue—even the highest—out of this necessity.

HOMILETIC.

The devotion of the Forty Hours' Eucharistic Adoration has made wonderful progress in the Church, and so the sermons, hortatory and dogmatic, which the Rev. P. Geiermann, C.S.S.R., publishes with the title **The Eucharistic Emmanuel** (Herder Book Co.: 6s. n.), will prove very useful both to pastors and people. Each is preceded by a clear synopsis.

HISTORICAL.

The Rev. D. O'Mahony has shown great industry in collecting together in his handsome book, **Irish Footprints on the Continent** (Sands: 5s. n.), accounts of the specifically Irish ecclesiastical foundations in Rome and other European cities, and of the chief Saints and missionaries who carried the Gospel over Europe in the seventh and eighth centuries.

After dealing with Rome where Ireland, clerical and lay, was always well represented, he describes the chief Irish Colleges in France, Spain, Portugal, etc., noting how many have ceased to exist, owing partly to the French Revolution and partly to the effects of Catholic Emancipation, and then traces the history of some of the many Irish Saints who appear as Patrons all over the Continent. The book is well documented: the few illustrations do not add much to its interest.

The atheistic persecutors of Mexico took advantage of the Great War, when the world's attention was fully occupied, to inaugurate their war against the Christian ideal, which began under Carranza in 1913, but after a sort of truce from 1920 to 1924 has raged with ever-increasing violence under Calles who attained power in the latter year. Naturally the Spanish people are keenly interested in the fate of their co-religionists and racial connections, and by far the best and fullest account, carried down to the end of last year, of this prolonged and heroic struggle comes to us from Spain, in *La Lucha de los Católicos Mejicanos* (Talleres Tipográficos: Tarragona). Here we have in great detail everything that relates to the mutual action of Church and Government since 1913, the protests both from Mexico and from the Church at large aroused by the persecution, its actual course, the aid and sympathy afforded it by the enemies of the Church in the United States and in Russia—a detailed series of events and a valuable collection of documents which will preserve for posterity, when the storm is passed, a vivid picture of one phase of that perennial fight between Christ and Belial which makes up the history of the world.

The "Word of the Cross" which St. Paul preached, and practised too, in the manner indicated by his words—"I chastise my body and bring it under subjection," has always been accepted by the true followers of Christ. Both by way of expiation and prevention ascetic practices, involving a greater or less degree of corporal austerities, have been common in every age of Christianity, varying both with the character of the time and place, and with individual strength. They have had, of course, especial vogue in religious Orders and in the lives of the Saints. In his learned work, *Devotional and Ascetic Practices in the Middle Ages* (B.O. & W.: 5s.), Dom Louis Gougaud has subjected these practices to a scientific investigation of great interest and value. He surveys only a portion of the vast field, and deals quite objectively with the evidence, setting down impartially what was, or tended to be, excessive, superstitious or otherwise abnormal, along with what was a natural fruit of intense sympathy with a suffering Saviour or genuine indignation against a sinful self. With wise charity, making allowance for unknown motives and for what we might call current tastes, Dom Gougaud does not pass judgment upon seeming extravagances but leaves them to the discretion of the reader. And this is true also of the first part of the book which deals with certain popular "Devotions" during the same period, such as attitudes in prayer, devotion to the altar and the consecration of Saturday to the cultus of Our Lady. The book is thoroughly documented and, as compared with the French, may claim to be a second revised edition.

The skilled pen of Father T. Gavan Duffy, at work upon certain missionary records, has produced a story of the beginnings of the Faith in the mountains of Annam, which makes fascinating and stimu-

lating reading. **The Price of Dawning Day** (Sands: 5s. n.) narrates how gradually and at the cost of what heroic sacrifice the French missionaries, persecuted to death in Annam, sought in the pathless hill-country to the west a temporary refuge and incidentally set about the conversion of the forest-tribes. The book is instinct with missionary fervour, tempered with ever-present humour and a sense of the joy which the Cross brings with it. It should be in every school-library.

SOCIOLOGY.

Although this is a belated notice, still the substance of the *Catholic Social Guild Year-Book for 1927* is of such permanent interest and utility that it is independent of times and seasons. It forms a **Handbook of Catholic Charitable Organizations** (C.S.G.: 6d.) and has been compiled by the Superior Council of the St. Vincent de Paul Society on the lines of the old C.T.S. Manual of *Catholic Charitable and Social Works*, the third edition of which appeared in 1912, but which has been long out of print. The new Handbook begins with those organizations which are national in scope and then deals with the good works of each diocese, including, as the old did not, those of Scotland. A certain incompleteness in certain diocesan records is due, the compilers assure us, to diocesan apathy—a disease which too often affects works of this sort. A Table of Contents should be provided for the next edition.

Mr. J. C. McKerrow's early adventures in metaphysics, which we had occasion to criticize adversely some years ago, do not of themselves prove that he is untrustworthy in the practical sciences. So we came with an open mind to the consideration of his **Economics for Nicodemus** (Longmans: 2s. n.). The title is suggested by a vague recollection of the Gospel, and when we realize that Mr. McKerrow identifies Nicodemus the Pharisee with the nameless Rich Young Man who "went away sorrowful" we gather that his remarks are intended for the wealthy. Their gist is that if the wealthy would only lead the simple life and reduce their personal expenditure to a reasonable minimum, enough money for capital would be released to lower interest, increase wages and gradually lessen the deep and dangerous gulf between the "Haves" and the "Have-nots." Mr. McKerrow expressly deprecates any appeal to religious motives, any "change in human nature" as a means of overcoming the covetousness, ambition, love of display and pleasure that riches are supposed to engender: in other words, he relies on common sense to do what it is notoriously incapable of doing: his diagnosis is acute enough but his remedy is quite futile.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

An account of a humble lay-Sister of the Visitation, **Sister Mary Martha Chambon** (B.O. & W.), who closed her life of 63 years in 1907, is translated from the French, as it has been into many other languages, but was originally written for the edification of members of her own Congregation. It is more of an exposition of devotion to the Five Wounds than a regular biography, and narrates, apparently from the Sister's own account, the almost unbroken supernatural intercourse she had with Almighty God, the Blessed Virgin and several of the Saints. The Church has never pronounced upon the character of these "revelations," but there can be no doubt as to the great holiness of their

recipient and the excellence of the devotion with which she is associated and which venerates, as does the devotion to the Sacred Heart, the infinite love shown by our Saviour in His Passion.

"When Marie says *I will, the thing must be done*": was her brother's remark on the little girl who was to become Sister Marie Céleste "of the Will of God," in that spiritual family whose ideal is to join in the work of the Redemption—of "doing the Will of Him who sent Me." And in those days she still could "sulk," as we learn from her biography, *Sister Mary Céleste of the Will of God*, by a Redemptoristine (B.O. and W.: 5s.). That family colonized Clapham in 1897: in 1925 it migrated to Chudleigh, and among the Devon hills red and blue habits are now to be seen as, two centuries ago, they first were seen near Naples. Marie van Eeckhoudt was born in Brussels, 1875, and did not enter her noviciate till she was 25, and even so was unusually mature. "Superiority" ever overtook her—when she became superior of the mother-house at Scala, in Italy, she was still the youngest there. The next years were "Martyrdom"—a community composed of Belgians and Neapolitans had to be governed, and the Italians had had but little training. The poverty was absolute. "Paint everything as black as possible," she wrote to Belgium, when more recruits were expected. None the less, "I am happy, and even if there were ten times more difficulties, I would not leave Scala." A quaint detail—few of the Belgians could talk Italian: their confessor, no Flemish: confessions, which began as "matters of absolute terror" ended not rarely as "fits of hilarity," when apparently the confessor asked questions to which his penitents could but answer "Ja, ja," and agreement was the very last response expected. A nun's history is hidden, especially if she be "enclosed." This book, reticent yet humorously written, tells what can be told. It does not disguise the dreadful calumnies of which the poor nun became victim; it relates the shocking physical anguish in which her last years were spent and much of her best work done; her interior life was intense and sublime, yet she was able to insist that surely she had no need to speak of God's beauty and goodness, when the Neapolitan sea and mountains lay before them. Somehow, her death became a public triumph, and all Naples, its officials and its people, poured forth to the funeral. She died in 1922, and when, in 1925, her body was exhumed, nothing but the flowers in the coffin had suffered any change. Her Cause is introduced, and, please God, the little convent in Devon may soon give the authoress, who lives there, the happiness of witnessing her Mother's *festa*.

The Simple Life of St. Philip Neri which Father R. F. Kerr of the Oratory has edited with the title, *Pippo Buono* (Sands: 6s. 6d. n.), principally for children of the Oratory schools, tells the story of the Saint's precocious and exalted holiness in a very attractive way, without elaborating too closely its historical setting. It is illustrated by a number of beautiful line-drawings of places connected with the Saint, some reproductions of famous pictures, and a large number of full-page representations of incidents related in the text, which, we fear, even the uncritical eyes of childhood will find somewhat inadequate.

A selection of the late Father Maturin's letters to a friend, introduced by Father Joseph Bampton, S.J., and published by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. at 4s. 6d. net, recalls the conversion of that gifted and holy

priest, who, experienced in the trials of change of faith, knew so well how to help others. Father Bampton in an illuminating Preface defends his friend against misconceptions for which his "temperament" was mainly responsible.

NON-CATHOLIC.

In the explanation of his Faith, entitled **Why I believe** (SS.P.P.: 6s. n.), Mr. Kenneth Ingram repeats the strange contention that while on the one hand the Church of England is part of the Church which Christ instituted, on the other, she embraces not one religious faith but many (pp. 172-3). With most people, certainly with all Catholics, such an endeavour to unite incompatibles puts its author out of count as a religious apologist. Although there is some sound thinking in his defence of Christianity against no-religion, and his defence of Catholicism, as he understands it, against Protestantism, his third part—"The Case for Anglican Catholicism"—has no leg to stand on precisely because he has tried to provide it with three. The Anglican Church once contained the great bulk of the nation: now it ranks in numbers with the various "Free Churches": its clergy yearly decreases in numbers, and, were the backbone of State establishment removed, it would fall into an amorphous mass. Yet with amazing optimism Mr. Ingram can write—"The variety of the Church of England in practice works extraordinarily well. Catholics, Modernists, Moderates, and Protestants combine with amazing efficiency and work together in increasingly harmonious relations" (172). Well, there are none so blind as those who won't see. It was towards the beginning of this year that Mr. Ingram first broached (in the *Green Quarterly*) his extraordinary theory that the "strength" of the Church of England lay in her being a league of different religions. We have not seen any support from other Anglicans for that very grotesque conception of what professes to be the Church of Christ. Again, faith is belief on authority: divine or supernatural faith is belief on divine authority. Throughout his whole book Mr. Ingram never states on what authority, how expressed and guaranteed, his faith rests.

We cannot hope to do justice in a few sentences to a work like **The Ethical Basis of Reality**, by the Rev. E. E. Thomas, M.A., D.Litt. (Longmans: 10s. 6d.). It would be difficult even to give any idea of the main purport of the book. Perhaps the following paragraph from the Introduction will sufficiently convey the author's drift: "We would assert that [the material world] cannot lay claim to existence apart from the consciousness which, through the instrumentality of minds, penetrates it through and through. Existence is not something standing by itself in its own right: it is a category of mind, a perfection given by mind to what presents itself to it under certain quite definite conditions." And much more to the same purpose. In other words, the author sets out by denying the substantiality of the material world. In the next paragraph he gives up the substantiality of mind itself. "Nor are minds themselves hard and fast existences; they are movements of consciousness rising and maintaining themselves for a while, and then passing away." These quotations sufficiently determine the type of Mr. Thomas's speculations. He is an Hegelian Idealist; all his thought runs in the mould of that school. His first principles, as expressed in the foregoing

citations, seem to us not so much erroneous as unthinkable: in the course of his argument he does not in fact adhere to them. Existence and matter are treated throughout the essays pretty much as a non-Hegelian would treat them, namely, as independent facts. The writer shows much ingenuity, much subtlety and profundity of thought, but for all his gifts he cannot overcome the handicap of his first principle. The book is difficult reading,—perhaps a little more difficult than even the nature of the subject requires. With sounder principles, the author's gifts of exposition, and of intellectual sincerity and thoroughness, might produce a masterpiece.

VERSE.

Piers Compton, author of *Twenty Poems* (Elkin Mathews), has a mastery of all the arts of versification—harmony, colour, personification, contrast—and employs them to excellent purpose. You read on and on, allured by gorgeous phrase and tuneful rhyme, but it is not often that you could write out the substance of the poem you peruse in clear intelligible prose. "Twixt thou and I" (11) is a sad lapse for so apt an artist.

Mr. Rupert Croft-Cooke has gone for the substance of another *Twenty Poems* (Blackwell: 2s.6d. n.) to the Spanish of Gustavo Adolfo Becquer who died at the age of 36 in 1870. They are all love-lyrics, many only quatrains and all in one familiar key—"vanity of vanities." Mr. Cooke's versions are melodious, but we cannot echo his high-pitched estimate of his subject.

All that can be said of *Passion Flowers and Other Poems* (Sands: 3s.6d. n.), by Mabel Seaton, is that the verses are quite up to the average of those outpourings which, year in and year out, echo and re-echo through the pages of our little religious magazines. It would require great genius to be striking and original in so overworked a medium.

Mr. H. M. Pim asks us to state that the praise of his poetry uttered by Lord Alfred Douglas in 1917 and printed on the dust jacket of his recent book must not be held—so his critic demands—to apply to that work—*New Poems and a Preface* (B.O. & W.: 6s.). This is honest on the part of the poet but, in any case, the date would have shown that Lord Alfred was not speaking of the verse of to-day, and furthermore, even if not dated, no one would readily consider that he was. For there is nothing of much account in the slender volume, except a sonnet or two, a few lyrics and a longish narrative poem which, time and again, drops into prose.

Last but far and away the best performance of this batch of poets is the *In Towns and Little Towns* (The America Press), by Leonard Feeney, S.J. With Father Feeney thought is foremost: there is substance in all he writes, spiritual substance which makes for itself, fittingly and picturesquely, its vesture of words. He is a gnomic poet, using verse as a means to point and wing his arrowy concepts. And out of the most homely things and people, his fancy weaves far from homely songs. Needless to say, his concern is the soul, not the surface, of things, consequently his rhymes are *spirituel* in both the French meanings of the word. Those who have noted Father Feeney's work in various American magazines will be glad to have it collected in this

handsome volume, quaintly and prettily dedicated—"To My Mother from her Minstrel Boy."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Anglican Bishop of London has re-written with many additions the letters he sent to *The Times* during his recent world tour and published them with the title **Some World Problems** (Longmans: 4s. n.). It makes a readable, if not very deep, book—the problems, apart from those concerning the English Church, now everywhere losing its legal connection with its various "daughter churches" abroad, being mainly concerned with the movements of population. The Bishop is naturally keen on the waste spaces of Australia and Canada being filled with citizens of the Commonwealth, but the difficulty is that the inhabitants of British India rank amongst those citizens, yet are not welcome either in Australia or in Africa. It was no part of the Bishop's business to come into contact with the Catholic Church on his tour, yet it is really remarkable how he has managed to miss seeing what after all is not a little conspicuous in the various places he visited.

The Bishop of Winchester, who is a supporter of the revision, attempts in **The Prayer-Book Revised** (Longmans: 4s. 6d. n.) to commend it to Church members as "a great gain to corporate devotion" which is "in accord with the best traditions both of the undivided Church and the Church of England, and also makes reasonable provision for the demands of the modern mind." These words, with all their assumptions, will give Catholics a sufficiently clear idea of the nature of the book. It is an endeavour, not so much to ascertain "what Jones will stand" but to persuade Jones to stand at least this much. The aspect is almost wholly congregational: there is no suggestion that this or that doctrine is certainly right: there is no dogmatic teaching.

We owe to two authors, Messrs. F. V. Morley and J. S. Hodgson, the fascinating story which they call **Whaling North and South** (Methuen: 10s. 6d. n.), a book the forty-seven illustrations of which add greatly to its interest. Mr. Morley gives an historical introduction to his tale of northern fishing, and writes with considerable humour and literary power. His suggestion that whales should be herded like elephants and allowed to breed in captivity is bold and may in future be found feasible. Both authors have a vivid and picturesque style, and no phase of the whole business of whale fishing is omitted by them. A capital book both for school libraries and those of grown-ups.

Professor E. Allison Peers in **The Book of the Beasts** (B.O. and W.: 3s. 6d.) pursues his task of making the works of that strange genius, Ramón Lull, better known to English readers. This happy anticipation of "Uncle Remus" contains as many shrewd "morals" as that classic, without, of course, the added quaintness of the negro dialect.

There is in France a marked Catholic literary revival. In the hands of young men, its methods naturally are sometimes novel and displease those accustomed only to classical models. Older critics are apt to say that the traditional Catholic spirit has evaporated; the younger ones, that they have been suffocating in the sacristy-atmosphere of their elders. Hence mutual suspicion and dislike, and often, squandering of talent and loss of courage. M. J. Calvet's **D'une Critique Catholique** (Paris,

Editions Spes: 15 fr.) is the first of a series *La Nef* which is to include volumes of criticism, essays, and original artistic work; the author tries to disentangle the good and bad in both older and newer literary schools. English readers might find it somewhat verbose and abstract: but the problems are genuinely faced.

Rather late in the Sept-Centenary Year of St. Francis appears **The Pilgrim's Guide to Franciscan Italy** (Sands: 6s. n.), by Mr. Peter F. Anson, but there will always be pilgrims to these Umbrian shrines and the book will never be out of date. It seems to be very exhaustive, giving both historical and topographical information regarding all the Houses of the Order connected with St. Francis, and all the other places in Italy where he sojourned. Verbal descriptions in many cases are supplemented and surpassed by beautiful line-drawings from the author's pencil, and to complete the work there is much information both about the Franciscan families and about details of travel in Italy. The book, we are sure, will henceforward be an indispensable part of the equipment of the Franciscan pilgrim.

Father John Svenson's books, some of which have been translated into English, need no recommendation; they are printed and read in tens of thousands all over the Continent. They are written for the young by a man who has, despite the lapse of years, retained his youth and narrates his experiences with youthful gusto. His **Abenteuer auf den Inseln** (Herder: 4.60 m.) tells of his adventures amongst the Danish isles where he landed after an eventful journey from Iceland, his home country; and that he himself is the hero of these experiences is evident from their vivid colouring.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

The handy **Catholic Diary for 1928**, published at 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. by Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, has reverted to the more convenient form of a whole page for each day, and otherwise contains the usual amount of useful information.

Père de la Taille in a brochure called **Examen d'un Article sur les Offrandes de Messes et observations sur un opuscule récent** (Casterman: Tournai) takes another opportunity of clearing away misunderstandings of his great work "Mysterium Fidei." That it should have met with a storm of criticism is only a testimony to the fact that theology is a live science, and it is through such storms, met by an occasional counterblast from the other side, that the theory seems likely to become more deeply-rooted in the Church.

Amongst a batch of twopenny pamphlets from the Irish C.T.S. occur **The Archbishops of Cashel**, by the Rev. M. Maher, a series of short biographies of more or less famous men; **Life's Riddle and Death's Mystery**, and **Passion's Flame and Pain's Tyranny**,—sermons by Rev. A. Power, S.J., elucidating them by Christianity; **On Reading the Gospels**, by Rodney Pope, a full account of the formation and character of the Scriptures, and a plea for their more general use; and finally, **The Rosary**, three booklets of meditations on the Joyful, Sorrowful and Glorious Mysteries, by the Rev. D. Donnelly, S.J.

A useful series of Latin Texts of Documents concerning the History of the Church and illustrating her Life and Doctrine is being edited by

M. Grabmann and Father Pelster, S.J. Two have reached us from the Aschendorffsche Verlagsbuchhandlung of Münster, **Guidonis Terreni Quesstro de Magisterio Infallibili Romani Pontificis**, revised by P. B. M. Xiberta, Ord. Carm.; and S. Thomæ de Aquino, **Questionis de Natura Fidei**, edited by Father Pelster himself. They cost 0.85 m. and 1.20 m. respectively.

A capital summary of **Catholic Evidence Work** (Catholic Records Press: 3d.), by Dom Anselm Parker, is contained in the pamphlet with that title which has now appeared in a new and revised edition, with many commendatory letters from members of the hierarchy. There is no movement within the Church to-day more full of promise than this apostolate of the laity,—nay, more full of achievement, for the Guild spreads so rapidly that statistics are speedily out of date. Dom Anselm addresses in the first place Catholic youth, and shows from the example of the Guild at Stonyhurst the advantages, personal and public, of beginning Evidence work while still at school. A most helpful pamphlet.

A chapter from the late Sir H. Rider Haggard's "Autobiography" has been reprinted as a booklet, with the title **A Note on Religion** (Longmans: 1s.), at the request of many who found it helpful. Helpful it may well be to those whose grasp on religious truth is less firm than that of its author but, from the Catholic standpoint, it only shows how much misunderstanding of Catholicity mingled with Sir Rider Haggard's Christian feeling.

It is natural for a Franciscan to wish to dramatize the romantic life of his Founder, and many have done it. Not the least successful is the little play by Father Alexander, O.F.M., called **The Seraph of Assisi** (Sands: 1s.), which re-enacts many of the familiar episodes of that wonderful career. It is simply written for acting by the young, and may be as simply staged.

The steady and increasing demand for C.T.S. publications is shown by the number of reprints of twopenny pamphlets constantly required. One of the most useful—**A Talk on Continuity** by Mgr. Canon Moyes—which effectively disposes of the bogus Anglican claim, has an excellent picture of the lamented author on the cover. Father John Ashton's life of Cranmer, **The Father of the English Reformation**, also depicts its subject, whose evil work is not, unhappily, interred with his bones. **The Protestant Platform** by Mr. Anstruther is aptly adorned by a representation of Titus Oates in the pillory—the worst of a vile gang of twenty who have sold their souls for money. Mr. Anstruther notes that the breed is dying out amongst us. **The Duties of Parents** by Father Wolferstan is very attractively got up—to palliate the uncomfortable nature of its contents. **Hell**, by Father Joseph Rickaby, needs no picture but is bound in a warm red: it is a faithful exposition of the teaching of Infallible Truth. **Papal Infallibility** by Archbishop McIntyre presents a contentious subject—amongst non-Catholics—in a clear and persuasive way. Miss Margaret Mackenzie's **Story of our Lord for Little Children** is just the thing to make what Dean Inge calls "little Catholic bigots," *i.e.*, children so well grounded in faith and understanding and love of Christ as to be proof against the Dean's worst fallacies.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

ARNOLD & Co., London.

A Girl Adoring. By Viola Meynell.
Pp. 319. Price, 7s. 6d. n.

ASCHENDORFFSCHE VERLAGSBUCHHAND-
LUNG, Münster.

*Das Verhältnis John Locke's zur
Scholastic.* By Dr. A. Telcamp.
S.V.D. Price, 5.00 m.
and 6.50 m.

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, London.

*Studies in the Psychology of the
Mystics.* By Joseph Maréchal,
S.J. Translated by Algar
Thorold. Pp. vii. 344. Price,
10s. 6d. *The Catholic Diary
for 1928.* Price, 1s. 6d. and
3s. 6d.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

*The Epistle of St. James and Judaic
Christianity.* By G. H. Rendall.
Pp. 147. Price, 7s. 6d. n.

CLARENDON PRESS, Oxford.

*Some Authentic Acts of the Early
Martyrs.* Translated and edited
by E. C. E. Owen. Pp. 183.
Price, 6s. n.

CONSTABLE, London.

*Through Jade Gate and Central
Asia.* By Mildred Cable and
Francesca French. Illustrated.
Pp. xvi. 301. Price, 10s. n.

C.T.S. of Ireland, Dublin.

Several Twopenny Pamphlets.

DESCLEE, Paris.

Newman Apologist. By J. D.
Folghera, O.P. Pp. 256. Price,
12.00 fr.

DENT & SONS, London.

Brother John. By Vida D. Scudder.
Pp. x. 336. Price, 7s. 6d. n.

EDITIONS SPES, Paris.

*S. François d'Assise et les Fioretti
d'après Ozanam.* Pp. 255. Price,
10.00 fr.

FOULIS, London.

The Ferry of Souls. By A. L.
Salmon. Pp. 96. Price, 4s. 6d. n.

GABALDA ET FILS, Paris.

Le Code de Droit Canonique. By
Dr. Adrien Cance. Tom. I.
Pp. viii. 483. Price, 25.00 fr.

LETHIELLEUX, Paris.

Vie du Père William Doyle, S.J.
Authorized translation. Pp. xi.
412. Price, 22.00 fr. *Memento
de vie religieuse.* By Mgr. A.
Gouraud. 2^e édit. Pp. 360.
Price, 12.00 fr.

LONGMANS, London.

*Still More Old Rhymes with New
Tunes.* Composed by Sir R.
Terry. Illustrated. Pp. 32.
Price, 3s. 6d. n. *The Necessity
of Redemption.* By P. Hartill.
Pp. xi. 121. Price, 2s. 6d. n.
More Eton Fables. By Rev. C.
Alington. Pp. ix. 86. Price,
3s. 6d. n. *The Church in the
World.* By Dean Inge. Pp.
xi. 275. Price, 6s. n. *Roma
Sacra.* By William Barry, D.D.
Pp. vi. 250. Price, 10s. 6d. n.
Rural Life: "Copec" Commis-
sion Report. Pp. xi. 101. Price,
3s. 6d. n.

MACMILLAN CO., New York.

The Pilgrim Kings. By Thomas
Walsh. Pp. x. 130. Price,
\$1.25.

METHUEN, London.

Man and the Supernatural. By
Evelyn Underhill. Pp. x. 275.
Price, 7s. 6d. n.

SHEED & WARD, London.

*The Reformation and the Euchar-
ist.* By F. Woodlock, S.J. Pp.
82. Price, 1s. n. *Some In-
exactitudes of Mr. G. G. Coul-
ton.* By H. Thurston, S.J. Pp.
86. Price, 1s. n.

S.P.C.K., London.

Studies in St. Bernard of Clairvaux.
By W. W. Williams, M.A. Pp.
160. Price, 7s. 6d. n. *The
Painted Glass of York.* By
Rev. F. Harrison. Pp. xiv. 253.
Price, 12s. 6d. n.

TEQUI, Paris.

Le Catéchisme en Problèmes. By
Canon E. Duplessy. Pp. 305.
Price, 9.00 fr.

THYNNE & JARVIS, London.

*A Combined Analysis of the Four
Gospels.* By A. G. Secrett. Pp.
230. Price, 8s. n.

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